

Lend Your Support
to the
University Band

The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

Dollar Dance
Friday Night;
Corcoran Hall 10

VOL. 28, NO. 7.

PUBLISHED IN
TWO SECTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1931

SECTION ONE

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Colonials Drop Evenly Matched Contest To Iowa

Band Organization Nears Completion; Cheering Section Promised Unit For North Dakota Thanksgiving Day Game

Services of Louis Malkus, of Oklahoma State, Secured for
Direction of Group—Participation in Activities of Band
May Be Substituted for Physical Education

Organization of the student band, initiated by the Student Council several weeks since, has reached the stage where the University may be practically assured of such a unit for the Thanksgiving Day game with North Dakota. The only item lacking is the funds with which to secure the elaborate uniforms being designed; the additional instruments necessary, and services of the director.

The first actual meeting of the students who have signified their desire to participate in such activity was held last Thursday night in the gymnasium. Plans for the year were discussed, and rehearsals were tentatively scheduled for each Tuesday and Thursday night, and possibly Sunday afternoon. The next meeting will be tonight at 8 p. m. in Room 12, Bldg. G. At the present time about 35 men have been signed up who have enough experience to appear with the band immediately. A 75-piece unit is the goal of the committee in charge, and there is no doubt but that this goal can be attained. All students who can play an instrument, or who are interested in joining the band are requested to report at the rehearsal tonight, so that actual work on the band can be commenced at once.

Realizing the importance of proper direction if success is to be assured, Louis Malkus, of Oklahoma State University, has been secured as director of the band. Malkus was student director of the Oklahoma State band for four years, and was a student for his master's degree in the Musical Institute of Art and Columbia University in New York. He has received private tutoring from the famous Belgian woodwind artist, Gustave Langenus, and several well known American musicians, after which he returned to Oklahoma State as instructor of musical instruments and director of the military band at that institution. He returned to New York last fall for further study, coming to Washington this spring to organize public school bands in the District of Columbia.

Many inducements are offered to those who go out for the band. The honor of being a member of the University unit, and the fact that students may substitute this activity for physical education, are probably the greatest from the point of view of the individual student.

According to present plans the band will be in shape to appear officially before the student body at the game

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

Evelyn Eller Heads Y. W. County Fair

Corcoran Hall to Be Scene of
Y. W. C. A. Benefit November Eleventh

Evelyn Eller, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. County Fair Committee, announces that the following committees are in charge of the affair which is to be held on the first floor of Corcoran Hall, Wednesday, November 11, at 8:00 o'clock: Betsy Garrett, publicity; Helen Swick, contests; Marjorie Boyle, dancing, and Jane Hill, features.

Booths will be assigned according to scholarship standing on the campus. They will line both sides of the hall, and will offer cider, candy, cigarettes and a variety of other things. Contests will be held for the most attractive and the most popular booth, the winner of the latter to be determined by the number of votes cast. The votes will be sold at the respective booths. The following professors have consented to be judges: Alan Diebert, Lowell J. Ragatz, and Elmer Louis Kayser.

The chaperones will be Prof. and Mrs. Bement, Prof. and Mrs. Owens, Prof. and Mrs. Kennedy, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Harmon, and Mrs. Winnie G. Barrows.

Music for the dancing will be furnished by Jerry Free's Orchestra. A nominal charge of 10 cents a dance will be made. A number of special features will be offered, including a pie eating contest, entertainment by the Troubadours, specialty dances by Jerry Hickler, and singing by Mildred Burnham.

The proceeds, as in past years, will go to the Y. W. C. A.

Lunch Invitations On Mothers' Day Ready Wednesday

Freshmen Are Responsible for
Invitations to Mothers' Affair Thursday

Every freshman woman should make certain that her mother has been conveyed an invitation to be present at the University on Thursday, November 5, for the annual "Mother's Day." The day will be spent attending classes, hearing addresses by the various University officials, and inspecting the University plant. Invitations may be obtained from the office of the Director of Women's Personal Guidance.

The mothers will register at 9 a. m. on Thursday in Corcoran Hall where they will be received by a committee composed of women members of the University faculty.

At 9:30 they will attend an assembly, when they will be addressed by Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, president of the University; Dr. William Allen Wilbur, provost; Mrs. Joshua Evans, Jr., of the Board of Trustees; Dean Henry Gratton Doyle, of the Junior College, and Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows, director of women's personal guidance. Barbara Jones, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. M. Jones, will welcome the mothers on behalf of the freshman class, and Mrs. R. D. Brown, the mother of a member of the class, will respond to the welcome.

At 10 o'clock the mothers will accompany their daughters to their regular classes, and the rest of the time until noon will be spent on a tour of inspection of the University buildings and grounds. Officials of the Library and the Fine Arts and Home Economics departments, and at the rifle range, will be at home to mothers at 11 o'clock.

At noon a buffet luncheon will be served in Corcoran Hall, when Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin, wife of the president of the University, and the wives of the deans will be hostesses. Each freshman woman is requested to secure an invitation to the luncheon for her mother when they are issued at the assembly Wednesday noon in Corcoran Hall 10.

After the luncheon buses will transport the party to the Ellipse to see Miss Atwell's classes in soccer, hockey, tennis and archery.

Announce Complete Glee Club Roster

Sixteen New Members Selected in Tryouts Completed Last Week

With the selection of 16 new members, the George Washington University Men's Glee Club has completed its roster for this year.

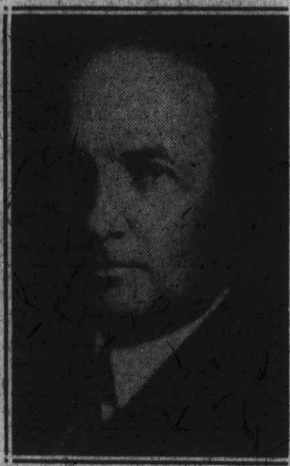
The personnel of 38 is as follows: First Tenor, Everett C. Cooper, Herbert G. Hadley, William S. McConnell, J. Craig Morris, Tom L. Scott, and Clinton D. Vernon.

Second Tenor, Daniel C. Beattie, Edmund Becker, Frank C. Daniel, H. E. Fiddesop, Ralph R. Gilby, Richard A. Hill, Fred Joiner, Melvin L. Law, John W. Perry, George M. Roth, and George W. Wells.

First Bass, Daniel J. Anderson, Carl E. Brown, Claude E. Cooper, Robert W. Cushman, Samuel B. Detwiler, H. Donald Earl, Benedict J. Genua, George Y. Jarvis, Norman D. Morgan, and Frank E. Scrivener.

Second Bass—Henry E. Amos, Paul E. Bloom, John M. Cook, J. Allen Crocker, Richard H. Fairman, W. Berry Hix, Carroll W. Hughes, Rollin D. Jones, Henry E. Stanton, Harold G. Stepler, and Edward Thomas.

Capable Director



Denis Connell, directing "Happy Landings," this year's Troubadour show, is known to us chiefly through his efforts as a director of the past seven productions of the Troubadours, but his work both as an actor and as a director includes a great deal more than that.

He has directed productions of many amateur organizations in Washington, the latest being that of the Montgomery County Players; their revival of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," Mrs. Fiske's famous starring vehicle, given October 17. Last year he coached the Georgetown boys in their all-male production of "If I Were King."

One phase of work of which he is proud is not directly connected with acting or directing. He coached young Joseph Gullion of Western High School to win his own high school oratorical contest, the championship of the Washington high schools, the regional

petition, the national championship, and finally to emerge victorious in the International Oratorical Contest in October, 1930. He coached Jimmie Moore, also of Western High School, who won the championship of the last spring.

Always the first Washingtonian to be called on by the National Theater Stock Company, when they produce a play with more characters than can be handled by the regular company, he has carried many minor roles. One of his best remembered was that of the old Butler in "Little Old New York."

An original member of the Drama Guild of Washington, Mr. Connell has played leading roles in two of its performances, "The Dover Road," and "The Great Divide." He is stage director in this organization.

Annual Law Party Date Moved Ahead

Conflict of Events Causes Date
to Be Shifted From Nov.
14 to Nov. 13

At a meeting of the student and faculty committees last Wednesday, the date of the Law School mixer was changed from November 14 to the 13th due to a conflict with other events scheduled for the same night. The time, from 9 to 12 o'clock, was not affected. The dance is to be held in Stockton Hall.

At the meeting some additions were made to the first-year class committee. James William Fullbright, Grace White, Mary Crow, Charles Smoot, John Black, Gordon Cook Biddle, Stanley Miller, Myron Albert Anderson, A. Kramer, Mrs. Bessie Eichler. The second-year class committee will consist of: E. Cockrill, Mark Hudson Rathburn, Julian Dell, Glen Hardy, Abraham Book, Josiah Lyman, John Hoffman, Elizabeth Dickson, Charles C. Remsen, Jr., and Yardsy Chittick. Those of the third-year class are: Theodore Rinehart, John A. Blair, John Jackson, Stuart Barnes, Richard Dyer, John Cady, Ruman Young, A. W. Perry, Marguerite Rawalt, Katherine Grubb, Mrs. Catherine Hoffman, Mildred Gott, Louise Feinstein and Donald Dudley.

The faculty committee on student affairs is Gilbert Hall, chairman; Clarence A. Miller, James F. Davison, James O. Murdock, and Helen Newman, secretary of the Law School.

This annual mixer is the first social event of the Law School. All the alumni and students are cordially invited to attend, as the mixer offers everyone an opportunity to get acquainted. There will be dancing and refreshments for everybody. President and Mrs. Marvin will be guests, and with Dean and Mrs. C. Van Vleet and the other members of the faculty and their wives will receive the students.

Monthly Literary Review Makes First Appearance

The first issue of the Monthly Literary Review of the University Hatchet appears with this issue of The Hatchet. Due to postal regulations it has been necessary to rename this publication formerly issued as The Colonial Review. It will appear with the first issue of The Hatchet each month as did The Colonial Review.

The November edition is the first one to appear under the editorship of John J. Heimburger, recently appointed to head the board of editors of the review.

Drama Club Sets Date For Showing As Friday, Nov. 13

Tickets Will Go On Sale This
Week in the University
Building

Friday, November 13, has been selected as the date of the latest production of the Drama Club, "The Queen's Husband," which is rapidly approaching dress-rehearsal form. The performance will be given in the Wardman Park Hotel Little Theatre at 8:20 p. m.

Tickets will be sold at \$1 and at 75 cents each and will be placed on sale this week in the corridors of Corcoran Hall and Stockton Hall and in the registrar's office. Wardman Park Theater is an intimate playhouse located in the heart of the northwest residential section, two blocks from the East Bridge.

At every rehearsal the cast and production staff of "The Queen's Husband" is becoming more certain that they have chosen a play which is well adapted for presentation before a collegiate audience demanding brilliance of plot, variation in scenes, romance, splendor, and continuous action. Robert Emmet Sherwood's comedy abounds in all of these requisites and with interpretation by the cast, selected this promises to be a performance worth seeing.

Skilled Supporting Cast

In addition to the principals, chief of whom is Frank Westbrook, prominent player in two previous Drama Club productions, there has been assembled by the directress, Constance Brown, lecturer on play production, a skilled cast of male characters for the supporting parts.

Michael H. Greenberg, who will be seen as General Northrup, prime minister of the mythical kingdom in which the action occurs, has been in a number of plays with the Berkshire Players in New York City, notably in "Journey's End." Leonard Stevens has performed with Tart and Talent, local dramatic and musical club.

Sol Orleans will be seen in a small bit as Laker, the revolutionary fanatic. He has been on the legitimate stage in New York and on the road, and was with the National Theatre Players during the 1929 season.

Amusing Chess Game

Joseph Danzansky, well known for his clowning in the title role of "Good Gracious Godfrey," last year's Troubadour show, will have the part of Phipps, butler and general factotum to his majesty, King Eric VIII. The chess game which the king and his butler engage in during the play is one of the high moments which insures continuous laughter.

Edward Northrop, vacillating foreign minister of King Eric, has played in the drama at preparatory school and locally with the Pierce Hall Players.

Though there are many more males in the cast than members of the opposite sex, quality rather than quantity is the boast of the latter in the cast. Besides Ada Green and Amanda Chittum, the lead-in ladies, there will be two ladies in waiting who are guaranteed to be more than satisfactory to those in the audience who require pulchritude on the stage.

Collins House Purchase Announced by University

Purchase of the property located at 713 Twenty-first street by George Washington University has been announced by President Cloyd H. Marvin. The building, known as the Collins House, is located between the present offices of The Hatchet and the University tennis court. There now remains only one building on the east side of Twenty-first street between G and H that is not owned by the University.

Buff And Blue Gridsters Defeated By Weightier Hawkeye Aggregation With Superior Line Rushing Tactics

Smooth Passing Attack of George Washington Gridmen
Fails to Register Score in Second Half
But Accounts for Many Long Gains

A plucky George Washington football team went down fighting before the onslaught of the heavier Iowa outfit by a score of 7 to 0, last Saturday in Iowa City. With the exception of the second quarter in which the Hawkeyes pushed the leather over for their lone score, the game was a nip and tuck battle, the last half resulting in a contest between the aerial play of the Colonials and the line rushing tactics of the Iowans. George Washington received the ball on the

Photographic Editor



Casson Will Begin Year Book Photo Work Next Week

Gerald Free, Photographic
Manager, Casson Studio
Gets Contract Again

Pictures for the 1932 Bi-Centennial Cherry Tree will be made beginning November 10 at the Casson Studio. The task of photographing every senior in the University, and every member of every organization, club, fraternity, and sorority as well as a large number of faculty members has been entrusted to Gerald Free, Photographic Manager, and the Casson Studio as photographers. Free will act as contact man between the student body and the Casson Studio. He will personally make appointments for groups and see that the work is expedited. Those in charge of organizations should communicate with Free or the photographer immediately for appointments.

This is the third year that the Casson Studio has had charge of the Cherry Tree photography. This photographer is well equipped to handle this work as a result of specializing in college annuals. Besides photographing the Cherry Tree, this firm has made the pictures for Maryland University, Virginia Polytechnic Institute as well as American University.

Pictures will be taken at the convenience of the students starting Tuesday, November 10th, at the Casson Studio, 907 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W. Seniors should take notice of the warning on the photographic cards and give the biographical data requested for use in compiling the various senior divisions of the book. For those desiring to make appointments, the telephone number is National 5861.

As in the past the charge for individual sittings will be \$2.00 for a limited period. Senior pictures will be taken in informal dress, while those of the fraternities, sororities and organizations will be formal.

Anita Dunlap was chosen the Feature Editor at the meeting of the Board of Editors on October 29th. All those desiring to work on this year's book should mail their applications addressed to the Cherry Tree.

Professor French Speaks To Principals' Association

Professor William Cullen French, acting dean of the School of Education, spoke informally at the meeting of the Elementary Principals' Association of the District Public Schools.

kick-off and plunged through the Iowans for three first downs. At this point Lee Carlin took the ball for an off tackle play and gained about 12 yards but he was tackled with such ferocity that he fumbled and the leather was recovered by one of the Hawkeyes. The playing seasawed back and forth in the middle of the field with little advantage for either outfit.

Iowans Score

It was in the beginning of the second quarter that the Old Gold started their offensive drive that proved disastrous for the Colonials. Captain Oliver Hansen of the Iowans started from midfield and on two spinner plays plunged his bulky person for gains of 20 and 19 yards. He hit center again for 9 more yards and then for two bone smashing line rushes the valiant Buff and Blue held, but on the third buck Hickman put the ball over. Hansen successfully gained the point after the touchdown.

During the remainder of the second semester the play was desultory, the teams struggling for supremacy in the middle of the gridiron. At the whistle, denoting the end of the first half, the ball was in G. W. U. territory.

Aerials Gain for Colonials

The Colonials opened up a marvelous passing attack at the outset of the second half that kept the Hawkeyes continually punting in order to keep the ball out of their end of the field. Time after time passes were completed—Fenlon to Mulvey or Carlin to Chambers, but the former combination predominated.

In the waning minutes of the third quarter the Hawkeyes again made a determined effort to push over a touchdown. A quickly executed kick by Hickman of the Iowans took Johnny Fenlon, G. W. U. safety man, by surprise, and the ball rolled to the Colonials 15-yard line. Instantly the Buff and Blue defense from end to end stiffened and their plunging on the offense became even more desperate than at any other time during the contest. A 15 yard pass from Fenlon to Parrish brought the leather to G. W. U.'s

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

Fraternity Council Decides To Renew Custom Of Mixer

Function to Be at Hay-Adams House
November 19; University Dance
November 6

Harking back to the days of good old fashioned fraternity smokers when fraternity politics and grudges were forgotten—for the moment—the Interfraternity Council, at its last meeting at the Kappa Alpha House on Sunday, November 1, planned a renewal of an old custom among the fraternities.

The function will be held at the Hay-Adams House on Thursday, November 19, if plans are carried out. It is urged that all fraternity activities and alumni join in helping this revival live up to the standard of fraternity fellowship.

The mixer will have all the customary adjuncts of such occasions, and every fraternity man is looking forward to it with anticipation.

The next university dance will be held in Corcoran Hall, room 10, on Friday night, November 6. It is planned that this event be in the form of a pep dance for the Salem game the next night.

In connection with the Salem football game, the Council directed each delegate to have his fraternity's pledges present en masse at the game. This section will be under the direction of Joe Howard, and will be in the center of the cheering section. Concentrated cheering and plenty of pep should be forthcoming from the gathering of "greenhorns."

The University Hatchet

STUDENT WEEKLY

Members of
Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States
National College Press Association

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Published weekly from October to May with one issue in July and September by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 8, 1919.

Telephone: National 6462 (University Exchange); Then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 P. M. and on Sunday call District 5170.) Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS

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WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1931

The University Band

Foremost in the mind of every student this week should be the organization of the University Band. From the time of its conception by the Student Council three weeks ago formation of this new unit has gone forward with very gratifying results, made possible by the hearty approval and absolute cooperation of every organization and individual approached by the committee in charge.

A University Band of 75 pieces, resplendent in elaborately designed Colonial style uniforms, will lead our football team onto the field for its Thanksgiving Day game, if all goes well!!! It is up to the student body now to see that there is no slip, and if the enthusiasm which has been shown from the beginning continues to be registered there will be no cause for skepticism.

A call has been issued for candidates for membership in the band, and the first regular rehearsal is scheduled for tonight. Think of the many benefits which will accrue both to the University and to the individual student upon the success of this new project, and you will not hesitate to do all in your power to put it over.

A Charity Football Game

President Marvin issued a statement to the press some time since to the effect that if the Unemployment Commission of the District of Columbia will eliminate from consideration and clear out of the picture all the local teams it has considered thus far for a post-season game, and will request George Washington University to play in a post-season game, and allow it to choose its own opponent, then the University will endeavor to procure such an opponent and if a game be played will turn over to the Unemployment Commission all the proceeds over actual costs of playing the game.

There is no doubt in our minds that George Washington would prove as great a drawing card as any team in the vicinity. The attendance at the Tulsa contest the inducement being the game itself, would indicate as much. With the added inducement of aiding the unemployed of the city the stands should be packed. It remains for the local Unemployment Commission to act.

Monthly Literary Review

The Literary Supplement to The Hatchet appears for the first time this year under a new name, The Monthly Literary Review, and edited by a new staff, elected at the close of last year.

Organized under the name The Colonial Wig this literary effort of the students was in 1930 combined with The Hatchet. Its purpose is to stimulate interest in writing. Anyone interested may submit contributions, and can be assured that the work will receive every consideration, and if worthy will be published in the Review.

Chapel

Chapel meetings held each Friday in Corcoran 10 at 12:10 have been very poorly attended in spite of the efforts of Provost Wilbur, Mrs. Barrows, and others interested, to secure capable and interesting speakers and to do everything else possible to make the meetings a success.

These assemblies may be planned by the officials of the University, but they must necessarily derive their support from an interested student body. The Hatchet takes this opportunity to offer a suggestion that support might logically center around the various religious organizations on the campus. There is a group representing almost every religious denomination, each striving to bring a measure of spiritual guidance to the adherents of their respective faiths. Each group should immediately take some constructive steps to remedy this difficulty. By so doing it will not only help the University, but the individual group as well.

CHIPS

Come to Papa, ye darlings. Boys, that football crew of ours is a fightin' bunch of men! Any pop-eyed son-of-a-gun who doesn't give our mastodons a clap on the back for that last game is going to be boiled down in oil and given to the Hatchet staff for a piece de resistance on Sunday nights. A game like that Iowa game is almost as good as winning—I didn't say it was as good as winning—I didn't say it was as if we had "arrived" at last in the football world.

The Law School mixer is getting mixed up on the date of the brawl. With all the school on the committee of arrangements, we really can't see how everybody can be satisfied. If the committee will come to Rollo for his advice, he will name a date convenient to an open date on "the" girl's black book. However, let's all be there!

Like every well organized society, rebellion will creep in. Rollo has received some praise in reverse english through the underground grapevine route. With all due respect to the effort we would like to conform to every student's (?) wish, so if every student will write Rollo a sweet little shaving every week, Dicky will be spared the doubtful pleasure of knocking anybody, everything, and anything. In fact, we will indulge in pink teas to the extent of learning the difference between lemon and sugar.

With the above concession in view, we print several of the pointed darts of our admirer—to wit—"How did Premier Laval get in town and out again without getting a George Washington degree?"

"A few, at least, of the students would like to see our teams building up a real rivalry with some neighboring schools. If no local college will do, surely adequate rivals can be found within a radius of two or three hundred miles. Its worth trying, at any rate. When we have no such rivals, we are missing one of the most entertaining and enjoyable features of athletic competition, and of college days—the trips by the students with the team to the other school."

letic competition, and of college days—the trips by the students with the team to the other school."

"In last week's 'Sport Axe' column, the Maryland-Kentucky football game is mentioned to refute any claim that Maryland has for a great 'repugnance for defeat.' But please note, Mr. Potter, that Kentucky has been dropped from Maryland's schedule for 1932." And that is all we can show you of this contemporary letter to our august person.

Intermental sports received a terrible setback during the last week. With the finale impending in the miniature african golf the proprietor of the golf course decided that his remuneration did not get his head out of the red ink, so he closed up on the poor girls. So the golf course and the tournament are out of business. Ah me, 'tis sad for the finalists but unmitigated glee for the dufer scorers who were defeated.

Extra! Extra! Those sorority girls who lacked the spirit to be the atmosphere on the Student Council feat in the Halloween parade missed the show—of ancient over-ripe tomatoes directed toward said float from the midst of several groups of C. U. husbands. The spirit of non-spirit shown by our girls can't be doubted in reference to the commendable effort of the Student Council, but our attention is directed, nevertheless, to the hoodlum instinct of our former adversaries. Our own students will do well to note the effect of such behavior on the otherwise good name of the institution involved.

Oh, oh! When it rains, it pours! The non-sorority girls have deluged the Hatchet office with interesting matter in corroboration of their sister of last week. Cheer up, girls, Rollo has a plan for your advancement and favor. Kindly send your picture into the office marked for Dick Rollo—then we'll start a pool, with eligible fraternity men on the other end—there is only one provision—your map must be acceptable. Service is guaranteed. Don't rush, girls.

We appreciate good literature, but some of the little poems in the Colonial Review remind us of puppy love

days. However, there are plenty of youngsters on the campus who can use the verse, second hand. As an old hand at the game, Rollo thinks this issue is the best yet—well done, Heimburger, my lad, well done. Request in pace.

Both our laugh and cry clubs are coming along well, thank you. Rollo is becoming very much filled with the spirit of the drama, and is now ready for a big laugh, so bring on your Troubadours, and the queen's hubby. Some of these peoples who have majored so far this year in campusology will need something more than "Happy Landings" for their mental effort during the grueling months to come. Pardon all this sobbing, but we really view with alarm and hold up to your tortured gaze the shining sample of such campus antics—pity poor Rollo!

After much struggling and juggling the registrar's office fixed it so we can have a three per cent increase in registration, which, in this year of depression plus is remarkable, inconceivable and wholly commendable.

We'll be among you at the Frosh-St. John's Frosh and the Varsity-Salem games. Everybody with me? Attaboy!!

DICK ROLLO.

Learn to Dance

A "Learn-to-Dance club meets at the Municipal College of Detroit. At present, plain fox-trot steps are taught, but advanced steps will be studied as soon as possible.

Paul Pearlman

COLLEGE AND
MISCELLANEOUS
BOOKS

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Loretta Young

A famous and beloved picture star while still in her teens—blessed with breathtaking girlish beauty—could fate have been kinder to Loretta Young? She's the very incarnation of young loveliness. If you have not seen her in First National's "Ruling Voice," do so.

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Oct. 1, 1929,
The Associated
Shoppers Co.

Women's Rifle Team Makes Year's Plans

Aim to Secure Cooperation of Team Members; Practice Starts Tuesday

At the first meeting of the women's rifle team, held in the rifle range at noon, October 29, Helen Taylor, coach, spoke on the activities planned for the current season. The older team members were urged to tell freshman women about the organization, and ask them to come out for the team.

The main aim of the club this year, said the coach, will be to secure the maximum in the way of cooperation of the members. Practice is to begin on Tuesday, November 3, and continue twice a week for the semester. The third week of practice will probably be the deadline for joining.

This year there are 12 tentative varsity members, and everyone has an equal chance to make the team. Challenges have been sent out and received but no definite matches have been planned thus far. In addition to the matches to be played with other teams, the club is hoping to promote inter-class shoots this year. Prospective members of the team are urged to attend practice as soon as possible.

Swimming Team to Begin Training Under Al Lyman

The George Washington University swimming team has started training for what in all probability will be another successful season. The Colonials will be under the expert guidance of Al Lyman, former South Atlantic diving champion.

Several of the members of last year's team are out again this year; among these are Burnside, Redmond, and Rote who are excellent swimmers, and were the backbone of last year's Colonials.

Sport Axe

By GORDON V. POTTER
The Colonials lost to the Hawkeyes but if only Wayne Chambers' fingers had not been quite so numb and the pass just a wee bit weaker the story might have been a different one. However, the students, faculty, and all others have good reason to be proud of the showing made by the George Washington men of football. It was the hard driving line rushes of the Old Gold aggregation pitted against G. W. U.'s potent air attack that made the battle one above mere mediocre interest.

Although the line of the Hawkeyes averaged 10 pounds more per man than that of George Washington, our forwards played with equal ability and ferocity giving charge for charge.

It seems that when George Washington University was put on the Iowa University's schedule it was with the idea that the contest would be a "breather" between two conference games. From all reports the score that the Iowa made in the contest was the result of a week devoted entirely to ball carrying and blocking and three stiff scrimmages. Evidently, after due consideration the Colonials weren't considered a "breather," which was quite true.

That second quarter was when the dirty work was accomplished. Twice did Captain Oliver Sansen break through for 20 yards to be stopped by sturdy Johnny Fenlon. Johnny certainly was a demon both on the offensive and defensive, and he was on the tossing end of many of the successful passes.

Wayne Chambers and Fred Mulvey are turning into a pair of excellent ends and before the season is completed, it is quite possible they will create a furor amongst our future opponents, including the University of North Dakota.

Lee Carlin was the only Buff and Blue man that could gain consistently on running plays through the Hawkeyes. Lee rushed the ball 40 yards on 12 attempts.

The University of Iowa has now defeated three teams from the east, G. W. U. being the last. Pittsburgh was the only outfit that downed the Hawkeyes whipping them to a count of 20 to 6 on October 3. Penn State suffered a defeat of 19-0 last year and Yale was beaten a decade ago by the middle westerners.

Salem College, the next opponent of the Colonials, will be a long awaited "breather" for the men. The West Virginia school is a small one with an enrollment of only 150 students and a football squad of not more than 25 players. They are called the "Tigers."

A chair of football has been established at the University of Pennsylvania with a title of Professor of Football attached to it. Such a move seems to be in accordance with the rumors concerning the decentralization of college football. The aim of the department recently established at the above university is to provide equipment and opportunity for all students who wish to play the game regardless of weight or ability. A suggestion for George Washington—?

I repeat for the benefit of one student that anyone who contends that the University of Maryland has a "repugnance for defeat" certainly must have missed its game with Kentucky. The reason Maryland is not playing Kentucky next year is that no agreement was made beforehand for such a contest.

This great game of football is being mixed up with another great game—politics. A substitute who was put in in the Tulsa University game tells this story. "Coach Pixlee called me to his side and told me to go in for — gave me certain instructions for the quarterback. At the first opportunity I ran out, called the referee's attention to myself and took my place on the line and for a moment I couldn't quite believe my ears. — who was next to me on the line was having a deeply involved discussion with the Tulsa man opposite him on politics in general and Governor 'Alfalfa Bill' Murray of Oklahoma in particular."

The yearling football team will engage St. John's frosh this Saturday afternoon in the Central High School stadium. The freshmen so far this season have not been so successful and they are looking forward to this contest as an opportunity to gain a victory. St. John's freshmen were defeated by C. U. yearlings earlier in the season.

Kayser Heads Committee Planning History Meeting

Professor Elmer Louis Kayser has been appointed chairman of the committee on arrangements for the spring meeting of the Association of History Teachers in the Middle States and Maryland, to be held at George Washington the first week in May. New approaches to American history will be discussed.

The membership of the organization consists of instructors in colleges and preparatory schools in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia.

Salem's Grid Squad



Plucky West Virginia Eleven which invades Griffith Stadium Saturday night to tackle George Washington Gridders.

Colonial Cubs Face St. John's Gridmen

Freshmen Hope to Avenge 1930 Cubs Saturday at Central Stadium.

The George Washington freshmen will meet the St. John's frosh of Annapolis at Central Stadium, Saturday, November 7, at 2:30 p. m.

Already smarting under its defeat at the hands of the Western Maryland freshmen and the G. W. varsity, the freshmen will endeavor to regain their winning stride and at the same time avenge a previous defeat of last year's freshmen by St. John's. Coach Jean Sexton should have his injured in condition again and will place his full strength on the field.

St. John's, although not impressive so far, have not really had the games to put them in their full stride, but they will not be an easy team to beat. Defeated in their second game by the G. U. yearlings, 13-12, they were by no means an easy win. Boasting of an exceptionally strong forward wall and a well balanced backfield unit, they should offer some real opposition to our freshmen.

University Women's Club To Hear Anna P. Cooper

On Monday, November 2, at 4 p. m., at the University Women's Club, Miss Anna P. Cooper, Associate Professor of English at George Washington University, will speak on the "Malvern Festival" held at Great Malvern, England, in August.

Miss Cooper has just returned from an extensive tour of Europe and her subject, "Five Centuries of English Drama" should prove very interesting. Mrs. Frank W. Ballou will be hostess.

Interfrat Golfers Start Semi-Finals

Sigma Nu and Sigma Chi Win Matches; Theta Delta's Win by Forfeit

The interfraternity golf tournament was narrowed down to three survivors last Sunday when Sigma Chi and Sigma Nu emerged victorious in their matches and Theta Delta Chi won by a default.

Sigma Nu trimmed Sigma Alpha Epsilon by a 2-1 score in the best match of the day. Carr and Nelson of the Sigma Nu's were extended two extra holes before they could subdue Sherry and Daniels of the S. A. E.'s. Rigby and Jamieson accounted for Sigma Alpha Epsilon's only point when they defeated Sigma Nu's team of Swindell and Stearns, 2 up.

With Theta Upsilon Omega showing a complete reverse of form from their previous match, Sigma Chi had an easy time in carrying off all the honors by winning 3-0. Hill and Bain, of Theta Upsilon Omega were no match for the superior shooting of Sigma Chi's team of Brown and Atherton. The N-Streeters won this match 8 and 7. Despite the sharp shooting of T. U. O.'s ace, Dick Vandersawt, Sigma Chi's golfers, Klutz and Law, took the match 4 and 3.

Theta Delta Chi's golfers also earned the semi-finals by virtue of a default over Sigma Phi Epsilon.

In the semi-final round pairings, which have been announced by Joe Howard, Interfraternity Athletic Chairman, Sigma Nu received a bye and will play the winner of the Theta Delta Chi-Sigma Chi match in the finals.

Stellar Passing Combination



Wayne Chambers and John "Soapy" Fenlon make up a very potent passing combination that accounted for many of the gains of the Colonials in their last game with Iowa University. The combination of "Fenlon to Chambers" came to be dreaded by the Iowans before the game was ended. It was the completed passes by these two men that upheld the calibre of the Buff and Blue's playing.

Buff and Blue Gridmen Are Defeated by Hawkeyes With Weightier Forwards and Superior Line Rushing

(Continued from Page 1)
30 yard mark. Another aerial, Fenlon to Chambers, netted 9 more stripes. After a 5 yard penalty, Johnnie Fenlon tossed a long pass to Chambers, who was downed on the Old Gold's 45 yard line. The Hawkeye held for downs and the ball passed into their possession.

It was in the middle of the last period that the Buff and Blue just missed their opportunity to score. The oval was in midfield; after a short line rush Carlin heaved a long pass that just brushed by the numbed fingers of Wayne Chambers, who had a clear field to the goal line.

Evenly Contested Game
The game was very evenly contested throughout with the exception of the strong offensive drive of the Hawkeyes in the second session that netted their lone counter. The battle was between the two opposing lines, both of which showed extraordinary power. It was little more than pass, rush, and then a punt; both elevens waiting for a break or for a weakness in their opponents.

On the ground Iowa was far superior

or but the aerial attack of the Colonials was termed by Aubrey De Vine, one of Iowa's greatest quarterbacks, as being one of the strongest he had ever witnessed. G. W. U. completed six out of 14 passes for a total of 85 yards. The Buff and Blue made 8 first downs to the Old Gold's 10.

Linesmen Are Outstanding
The two wingmen of the George Washington team, Fred Mulvey and Wayne Chambers played marvelous games, Mulvey having just a slight edge on his teammate. Little gaining could be obtained around these two. Frank Blackstone at center had as his opponent Ed Dolly, gigantic 200 pound Hawkeye center, who was generally considered the outstanding player of the contest. However, Frank's pluck and skill upheld his position in a manner that was noble to watch. These three were the outstanding linesmen of G. W. U., but credit must be given the rest of those hard driving forwards who played such an excellent game against opponents equal to them in ability and weighing on an average of 10 pounds per man.

Varsity Encounters Salem Saturday Eve

Squad, in Good Condition, Looks for Easy Time With "Tiger" Team

The G. W. Colonials will take on the Salem Tigers Saturday night, at Griffith Stadium, in what should be a breather after the Iowa tilt of last week. The Colonials returned in the best of condition and barring accidents this week should take the field in full strength. The Salem eleven has registered but one win this season, their first game with Morris Harvey being taken by a count of 6 to 0. They lost the next three games to Marshall, St. Vincent, and Glenville State Teachers College. The latter game was played last week with the final score standing 13 to 7.

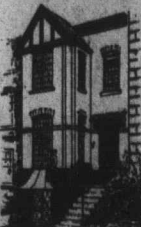
The Tigers have a fast, shifty team, gaining most of their ground with passes. They play the single wing back formation for all running plays and rely on spinners and reverse plays to advance the ball for them. An open field formation with quick kicks and unexpected plays does much to make up for their light weight.

Backfield Fast
The Salem backfield is made up of fast, ranging players and is centered around Snow at quarterback, who is their triple threat man. West and Tiberi at the half positions are the best ground gainers for the Tigers, with Tiberi also shooting long passes to the ends. Tiberi made the lone touchdown for his team in their last game.

Menzel, at guard, is the best defensive man on the Tiger squad doing (Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

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Riflers Announce Season's Practice

Successful Season Is Forecast;
Practice Starts Monday;
Seven Veterans Out

At a meeting of the rifle team held in Room 13, Corcoran Hall, on Friday evening, October 30, it was announced that practice for the 1931-32 rifle team would commence Monday afternoon at the rifle range in the basement of Corcoran Hall from eleven until three and in the evening from seven until ten.

Prospects for a successful rifle team this year are promising. There are seven veterans out for the honor of representing the George Washington University. These seven are as follows: William C. Barr, captain; Harry Melcer, manager; Thomas Jackson, Bryant Davis, Arthur Beach, John Brightenburgh, and Dudley Aud.

Captain Barr outlined the positions used during the firing of the matches, type of rifles used, and conditions under which a candidate could make the team. There will be ten men on the team, with the five best scores used. In the last match of the season, the Inter-Collegiate, only five men are allowed to shoot, and their scores are taken as final.

Last year the G. W. team placed second in the indoor meet of the Middle States Intercollegiate Rifle Association; bowing only to the United States Naval Academy aggregation. Navy's victory was due to their supremacy in the standing position. In this match the George Washington team fired the highest team total ever shot in an intercollegiate shoulder-to-shoulder match in the kneeling position, amassing 472 points out of a possible 500.

The outstanding member of the Colonial team was Captain William C. Barr, who scored high individual honors with 281 points out of a possible 300. Last year Barr won the N. R. A. Individual Intercollegiate match.

The season opens this year with a shoulder-to-shoulder match with the Alumni on November 25, which will be fired here. Following this comes a postal match with Johns Hopkins on December 5. Manager Melcer is trying to get shoulder-to-shoulder matches with Georgetown University, Columbus, and the University of Maryland. Also a telegraphic match with Brooklyn Polytechnic is being arranged.

The league season opens on January 23. The members of the league are Western Maryland, Johns Hopkins, Columbus, Georgetown, Virginia Military Institute, University of Maryland and the United States Naval Academy. The Navy match will be fired on March 5, and then the following week will be devoted to the firing of postponed matches. On March 19 the Intercollegiate match will be fired.

Practices will be held three days a week. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday from seven until ten in the evenings, and on Monday and Friday from eleven until three in the afternoon. All candidates should apply to the manager during any practice period at the range.

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Band Shows Progress; Makes Bow Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 1)

scheduled for Thanksgiving day, and a huge celebration is on the program for the occasion. Every organization and individual who has thus far been approached has expressed hearty approval and a willingness to cooperate with the committee in every way possible.

I would like to join the George Washington University band.

Name.....

Address.....

Instrument played.....

Do you own instrument?.....

Would you be interested in learning to play some instrument with view of joining band after sufficient instruction?.....

Student Council Submits Report

The following report of the Student Council has been handed to The Hatchet for publication:

The Student Union Building
The Council collected money and subscriptions to equip a Student Union Building; the building to be constructed by the University. The total amount collected, amounting to \$6,560.50, was placed on deposit with the Riggs National Bank at 2 per cent per annum, under the control of the University Comptroller (information supplied by the Bureau's office). The administration decided that a student union building at this time would be impossible and that the money should be refunded. The president issued a statement to this effect in an early issue of The Hatchet. The entire matter has been taken from the hands of the Student Council.

Elections
The Council will conduct non-partisan elections according to its constitution. It will endeavor to see that all candidates are properly qualified to represent their respective schools.

Point System
The Council will impartially execute the provisions of the Point System as announced in the first issue of The Hatchet.

Social Calendar
A social calendar will be kept by the Council to prevent important organization and school affairs from conflicting.

University Band
The Student Council will sponsor the organization of a George Washington University Band composed of members of the student body to become a permanent institution in the University.

The Student Council accepts its responsibility as an intermediary between the University and the student body and is open to any problems and suggestions. The Student Council office is Room 23 on the 2nd floor of building M, 2009-11 G street, and our mail box is in building F, 2033 G street.

The Student Council will sponsor proper reception of visiting teams and activity representatives such as athletic teams, glee clubs, press conference representatives.

The Student Council will at its last official meeting of the year publish an Annual Report of the work and findings of the Council during the year.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

Scarab Chooses Delegate For National Conference

Scarab, national professional architectural fraternity, held a dinner meeting last Thursday night, October 29, at the Iron Gate Tea Room. Elections were held to choose a delegate to the national convention in Cincinnati. W. G. Peter was elected, and W. I. Sisson was chosen as an alternate.

The fraternity is also making up an exhibition of sketches and water-colors to be shown at the convention, and then to be used as part of a traveling exhibit to the other chapters.

Varsity Encounters Salem Saturday at Griffith Park

(Continued from Page 3)

most of the tackling. Neidecker, 185-pound fullback, also stars in this position through his defensive work. The Colonials record so far this season has been three wins and two losses. Only Tulsa and Iowa, mid-western eleven, have been victorious over the G. W. Gridmen. The passing attack of the Colonials showed great improvement in the Hawkeye contest and should do much in gaining a victory for them this week. Penlon and Carlin in the backfield and Chambers and Mulvey on the receiving end have made an enviable record for gaining ground.

The game should be well worth seeing if only to view the smooth playing of the Colonials.

The probable starting line-ups are:
Pos. G. W. Salem
L.E. Mulvey..... Rogers
L.T. Nelson..... Hannett
L.G. Edmonds..... Menzel
C. Blackstone..... Summers
E.G. Dike..... Derry
E. T. Stated..... Sullivan
R.E. Chambers..... Kelly
O.B. Carter..... Snow
L.H. Carlin..... West
M. Penlon..... Christie
P. B. Farish..... Neidecker

sible. The response of the students who play some instrument was spontaneous, and much enthusiasm has been evidenced by them.

A blank appears below, which should be clipped, filled in, and turned over to Ted Rhinehart in the Law School library, or to the Hatchet Office. All interested in joining are urged to do this, and come to the first regular rehearsal tonight at 8 p. m., in Room 12, Bldg. K.

Troubadour Show Advancing Rapidly

Cast and Choruses Working Separately; Troubadour Orchestra Ready

With cast rehearsals held weekly on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and choruses practices held on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, "Happy Landings," this year's Troubadour show to be given at McKinley Auditorium the nights of December 10, 11 and 12, is well under way.

At present the three choruses are composed of the following women:

Jane Menefee, Anita Watson, Kathleen Watkins, Dorothy Wilson, Hilda James, Ruth McNary, Margaret McReynolds, Adele Meriam, Billy Solomon, Betty Rose, Marguerite Thomas, "Fluffy" Jacobs, Frances Rumsey, Catherine Crane, Helen Sherkey, Betty Munroe, Olivia Nixon, Bernice Wall, Virginia Hawkins, Shirley Graff, Platonias Pappas, Louise Munroe, Inez Ingham, Christine Short, Amanda Chittum, Betty Bacon, Margaret Maxwell, Betty Reynolds and Jane Allen. This is not the final roster.

This group is practicing its routines under the leadership of Christine Spigul, Dorothy Schenken and Jerry Sicker, who promise to turn out a chorus comparable to the Tiller girls.

Dan Beattie and George Wenzel have progressed so far with the new Troubadour orchestra, that they are now ready to begin practice on the actual music of "Happy Landings." They intend to hold rehearsals with the cast and chorus as soon as these three parts of the show have been worked up separately.

The Troubadours were on the air Monday night, October 23, in the first weekly program of the Veterans of Foreign Wars from 7:30 to 8 o'clock over station WOL. The hour opened with a trio of piano and two banjos, played respectively by Dan Beattie, "Sock" Kennedy, and William Claudy. George Wells and Bert Bagranoff, who is the leading man of "Happy Landings," sang several numbers. In concluding the program, Dr. Joseph F. Beattie, past departmental commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, thanked the Troubadours for donating their hour to his organization, and asked them to assist in another program to be given Monday night, November 2, at the same time over station WOL.

being an authority on this particular subject has been selected by the American Druggist Magazine to solve those problems that may be presented by pharmacists throughout the country. Dr. Hilton

Marvin Announces Three Per Cent Increase Shown By Registration Figures

Registration in George Washington University for the first semester is between three and four per cent higher than the total registration at the same time last year, it was announced by President Cloyd H. Marvin last week.

The number of students carrying full schedules is larger than last year, while the number carrying limited schedules has decreased.

These figures disclose that the total of student hours carried this semester is much higher than that in 1930. Registration results have been most gratifying to President Marvin since they show an increase in enrollment of full time students despite the increasing strictness of admission requirements.

Samuel L. Hilton Speaks To Upper Class Students Of School of Pharmacy

The first of a series of monthly lectures was given to the upper classmen of the School of Pharmacy last Friday afternoon by Dr. Samuel L. Hilton.

Dr. Hilton is one of Washington's foremost pharmacists and ranks well with the leading pharmacists of the country. He is a former president of the American Pharmaceutical Association and is now Treasurer of the United States Pharmacopoeial Revision Committee.

The subject of Dr. Hilton's lecture was prescription incompatibilities and included those of problems of compounding encountered by pharmacists throughout the country. Dr. Hilton

Bess Goodykoontz Addresses Women Educators Tonight

Bess Goodykoontz, who will address the women interested in education tonight at 8:15 in Corcoran Hall, Room 27, was appointed as the first assistant commissioner of the United States Bureau of Education by Secretary of Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur in August, 1929. A woman who has herself experienced the "Opportunities for Women in Education" will be able to give sound advice to other women entering that field.

Previous to her appointment in the Bureau of Education, Miss Goodykoontz had been at the University of Pittsburgh. Besides campus teaching, this position included lecturing at university extension centers, institute work, and considerable consultative work with teachers and supervisory officers of city schools in the Pittsburgh district.

Miss Goodykoontz is one of the co-authors of the Horn Learn-To-Study Readers, and has done editorial work on several sets of texts for elementary school use besides contributing articles on phases of elementary school teaching to educational magazines.

Fresh Honor Fraternity Initiates Four Sophomore Women Thursday, Oct. 29

Rhoda Bloss, Ethel Denny, Sadie Friedman, and Dorothy Lander were initiated into Alpha Lambda Delta, honorary fraternity for freshmen women, on Thursday, October 29, at the Lambie House.

These four girls entered the University in September, 1930, and have made an index of 3.5 for their freshman year, carrying the normal schedule of hours prescribed by the University. The informal banquet preceding initiation

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:-: Society :-:

With sorority pledging and Halloween dances safely and successfully over, we settle down to some real study once more - that is, until Thanksgiving week end.

The Pirates Ball of Sigma Chi and the Bal Boheme given by Sigma Alpha Epsilon were but two of the many costume dances given by the George Washington fraternities this week end. Phi Sigma Kappa, Kappa Sigma, Theta Delta Chi, Delta Tau Delta and Acacia all gave dances either Friday or Saturday nights, and from all reports, they were a great success.

Saturday and Sunday found many of the George Washington co-eds enjoying the hospitality of the Midshipmen at the Naval Academy. Some of those seen at the Regimental Hop, are Doris Skinner, Christin Spiguel, Kathryn Dille, Barbara Wells, Ruth Lafount, Nance Hall, Margaret McReynolds, Molly Pagan, Alice Buell, Barbara Jones, Betty Rees, Marian Huse, Margaret Richards, Jean Kirkwood, Virginia Sheffield and Rosalie Brown. There were also many of the other sex enjoying the dance at Dohlgren Hall. Joe Howard, Milton Scrivener, John Quick, Bob Maurer and Kermit Stevenson are those we remember seeing.

Dan Beattie, managing director of Troubadours, and George Wells, production manager, were guests of Mrs. Turner of the Warner Brothers executive offices of New York, at the opening of the "Mad Genius" John Barrymore's new show, at the Metropolitan Theatre on October 30.

Midge Burnham has her cousin, Mrs. Laurence Oakes, Oklahoma City and Chicago, visiting her.

Pi Beta Phi announces the engagement of Ruth Huff Apperson to Capt. Ira C. Eaker, well known Army Air Corps pilot. The wedding will take place next month.

Kappa Delta will entertain its new pledges at a tea dance at their house Saturday, November 7.

Many novel and picturesque costumes

were displayed by the 100 couples who danced at the Halloween Bal Masque given by the Newman Club Friday, October 30, at Meridian Mansions. George Gaul's orchestra furnished the music.

Sigma Chi announces the pledging of Harley J. Hallett and Roger H. Copeland.

Jesse Harden and Ruth Schmidt attended the Young Peoples' conference at Hood College Saturday as delegates from the George Washington group of Y. W. C. A.

Jane Hill attended a regional finance committee meeting of the Y. W. C. A. at Hood College Saturday.

Arline Spencer and Betty Rose had dinner at the Sigma Nu house Thursday night, October 29.

Dotty Heflebower, Doris Skinner and Betty Rose attended the Theta Chi informal at Maryland University last Friday night.

Chi Omega entertained its new pledges at dinner Monday night.

Alpha Delta Pi entertained its pledges at breakfast in the rooms Monday morning.

Theta Upsilon Omega had as their guest Sunday October 25, Arch-master McGinness.

Beta Alpha chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha announces the formal pledging of Lois Monroe on Monday night.

Doris Skinner, Ruth DeVane and Sue Shepherd are spending next week end at West Point where they will attend the game and hop.

Phi Delta Legal Sorority entertained at tea on Sunday, October 25, for the members of the law faculty, their wives and the women of the law school.

Pi Beta Phi held a luncheon in honor of its pledges Monday November 2, in the sorority rooms.

Alpha Delta chapter of Delta Zeta held a tea in honor of Mrs. Esther Loucks, visiting national officer, on Wednesday afternoon, October 28, from 4 to 5.

Pi Beta Phi entertained its pledges at a dance at Indian Springs Country Club, Monday November 2. Music was furnished by Jack's Night Hawks.

Sydney Jones spent the week end at the Phi Mu house at William and Mary College.

Kappa Sigma announces the formal pledging of Carroll Edmonds, I. Ben Littleton and Jack Kirby.

Pi Beta Phi entertained Professors Hill, French and West at a luncheon in the rooms, Thursday October 29.

Kappa Alpha had an informal get-together at the house on Sunday evening. Cards and dancing helped to pass the time away.

Among those seen at the Navy Day Ball at the Willard on Tuesday, October 27th were Morton Dodge, Trimble Sawtelle, Bob Gates, Louis

WHO'S WHO



Cecile Harrington, now a senior in the School of Government, has won recognition in both studies and activities. Through her earnestness and interest she has achieved an enviable position in the activity life of the University.

Because of her proficiency in studies she was elected to Sphinx, the women's honorary scholarship organization and was made president for the current year. It is easy to see that studies come first with Cecile for she has been an honor student during her whole college career.

The Hatchet has claimed Cecile's attention ever since she was a freshman. She began at the bottom of the ladder as a reporter and has been an associate editor for the past two years. Besides her work on the Hatchet she was associate editor of the 1930-31 Handbook. Not only was she elected to membership in Gamma Eta Zeta, the honorary journalistic fraternity for women, but she was also elected president of this organization.

Cecile has been a member of the Panhellenic Association for the past two years and was chairman of 1931 Panhellenic Prom.

As a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Cecile has organized special interest groups in art and literature.

Cecile is president of her social sorority, Alpha Delta Pi, and is an active member of Phi Pi Epsilon and Pi Gamma Mu, foreign service and social science fraternities respectively.

Drama Club Has Tryouts For Minor Parts in Play

The last meeting of the Drama Club was held last Wednesday evening, October 28, when several very rigid and exhaustive tryouts were held for minor parts in its forth-coming production, "The Queen's Husband."

There will be no more regular meetings of the club until after November 13.

The club will soon be reorganized under the supervision of Professor Yeager to conform to the general plan now in successful operation in many of the large universities throughout the country.

Rick, Fletcher Henderson, Billy Sterrett, Marian Zeigler and Evelyn Eller.

Dorothy Douglass gave a formal bridge at her home Saturday night. Those there from George Washington were Agnes Rydgren, Larry Worrall, John Hutson, Fred Matson and Fred Strine.

Delta Tau Delta announces the pledging of: Jack Dodge, Thomas Oneal, Harold Kissick and Armand Griggs.

Gale Morgan Heslop was formally initiated into the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity on Sunday, November 1.

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Alpha Epsilon Phi

Evelyn Biehnas
Harriet Doktor
Sylvia Edlevitch
Selma Felsor
Adele Gussak
Louise Myers

Chi Omega

Lethama de Shazo
Elizabeth Elgin
Margaret Fowler
Nance Hall
Ruth Heintz
Hilda James
Ruth Lafount
Edith Lockwood
Edith Misch
Margaret McReynolds
Olivia Nixon
Christine Short
Barbara Wells

Delta Zeta

Betty Brown
Caroline Becker
Helen Lyon
Elizabeth Martin
Helene McLachlin
Frances McMaugh
Katherine Murphy
Louise Shoemaker
Janet Stultz

Kappa Delta

Judith Birge
Mims Brasher
Jean Burford
Marjorie Burford
Ruth Cogswell
Mary Crain
Eleanor Crowley
Alma Gemeny
Lois Gray
Marion Illig
Katherine Kilgour
Louise Nichols
Barbara Price
Frances Pryor
Eather Talley

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Betty Bacon
Cordelia Baldwin
Lucia Booth
Lois Buckham
Frances Carden

Jane Caskey

Amanda Chittum
Jane Crea
Frances Douglass
Barbara Harrison
Katherine McCain
Betty McFowan
Margaret McReynolds
Adele Meriam
Ruth King Molyneaux
Jane Rhoades
Dorthea Jean Sedgwick
Helen Sherrey
Jane Stein
Anita Jane Watson

Pi Beta Phi

Ida Anderson
Alice Buell
Sue Johnson
Virginia McDonnell
Ruth McNary
Irene Moore
Mabel Money
Molly Pagan
Gertrude Price
Betty Shipp
Madeline Yonkers

Phi Delta

Elizabeth Mina Brown
Charlotte Barlow
Helen Nelson
Meriam Pasma
Katherine Traubarger
Katherine Wheeler

Phi Mu

Emily Blake
Rosalie Brown
Isabelle Dean
Jewel Glover
Jean McClellan
Frances McMillan
Katherine Cutler
Mary Murphy
Amanda Tucker
Martha Sutton
Phi Sigma Sigma
Charlotte Dubin
Eleanor Felsor
Elizabeth Gelman
Eleanor Grollman
Sylvia Nelson
Evelyn Hillerson
Jean Marmonstein
Sigma Kappa
Florence Brill
Frances Bushing
Elizabeth Clarey
Jane Hughes
Helen Hughes
Mary Brooks Haley
Barbara Jones
Mildred Loveless
Aileen Lyon
Mary Pruitt
Edith Spalding
Anne Watson
Zeta Tau Alpha
Barbara Burkhardt
Muriel Davis
Ruth Giles
Gladys Reum
Jeanne West

Cut as You Wish
Under a liberal new cutting system at the University of Illinois students may cut as many classes as they wish, providing they do not impair their standing.

It is said that Albert Einstein is rarely seen without his pipe.

Library Issues Monthly Lists of New Acquisitions, Being Posted in Building

The library has just issued the first of a series of lists of additions to the library to be issued on the first of each month during the school year. Future issues will include items from the law, medical, and pharmacy libraries, as well as the general library. The list will be posted on the bulletin board just outside of the main reading room of the library on the first floor in Building J, and it will also be sent to the administrative officers, the Deans, the executive officers of each department, and the library committees.

The books are listed after they have been catalogued and classified. In many instances the books on the present list are in the departmental libraries and on reserve. The list posted shows the location of the books. Special attention is called to the book by Broadus, "The Story of English Literature." Broadus is a G. W. Graduate; his is one of the popular books issued by MacMillan this fall. Professor Krappe's writings have also been presented to the library which has always endeavored to collect the works of members of the faculty.

Women's Debating Society Holds Preliminary Meeting

Twenty-six women were present at the preliminary meeting of the Women's Debating Society which was held on Thursday, October 29. The women present at this meeting will comprise the inter-collegiate debate squad and the teams will be selected from this squad.

Mr. Harding, the new assistant professor of public speaking, will train the young women. Mr. Harding, in his talk during the meeting emphasized the importance of debate as a development in speaking abilities in both the business and social worlds. He urged those present to make use at all times of the debate qualities stressed.

The teams to be selected will be divided into two sections; one to go to Pittsburgh and farther west, the other to travel into southern Virginia and, later, to debate William and Mary.

Swallows Rubber Tubes
In order that the medical student may sympathize with his patient, juniors at Tulane University Medical College are required to swallow rubber stomach tubes in the study of their course.

University Represented By Prominent Students During Festival Parade

Through funds appropriated by the Student Council from its treasury, the George Washington University was represented by a float in the Halloween Festival Parade. Arrangements were made under the direction of a committee composed of Richard Hill, Chairman, Evelyn Eller, Vice Chairman, Mildred Burnham, Betty Rees, Daniel Beattie and Charles Jumper.

The float was designed and constructed under the direction of Charles Jumper, assisted by members of the Art School. The outstanding feature of the float was a torch of learning symbolic of the aims of the University. This was surrounded by placards bearing the names of the various divisions of the University. Blue, green and purple were the predominating colors used in the decoration of the float. Seated before the torch was the character of George Washington, portrayed by Howard Payne, a member of the Student Council, Jane Menefee and Miriam Moss representing the Student Body on the float.

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Student Notice

Beginning Wednesday, November 4, to obtain a book in the University Library, students must present their G. W. U. Student Membership Book or other means of identification. This will apply to reserve books and books for home use.

Phi Pi Epsilon

Phi Pi Epsilon, women's foreign service sorority, will hold its first meeting of the year in Pi Beta Phi rooms, 3rd floor of Building D, at 1 o'clock on Thursday, November 5. All members are urged to be present.

Episcopal Club

There will be a meeting of the Episcopal Club on Thursday evening, November 5, at 8 o'clock at St. John's Parish Hall, 821 Sixteenth street N. W. A bridge party will be held after the meeting.

El Club Espanol

Captain Sidney Morgan will lecture at the first meeting of El Club Espanol, November 12. All members of the club and those interested in Spanish are invited. Notice of the time and place of this meeting will appear in the next Hatchet.

Presbyterian Club

The members of the Presbyterian Club will be the guests of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church November 18. Dr. Sizoo will be the speaker and after the short meeting there will be a social program under the direction of Marjorie Webster. All students in any way connected with a Presbyterian Church or interested in one are welcomed.

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 "PERSONAL MAID," Sunday, Monday, next week, Nancy Carroll, Pat O'Brien, George Fawcett.
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Hatchet Business Staff

A meeting for all students who made application for The Hatchet business staff will be held in Building Y, third floor, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Monthly Literary Review

There will be a meeting of all students interested in the Monthly Literary Review Wednesday, November 3, at 8 o'clock in the Hatchet office on the third floor of building Y.

W. A. A. Calendar

Executive Board meeting—Wednesday at 12.

Industrial Board meeting—Monday at 12.

November 5—Card party in the Lambie House.

Nov. 7—Fall Sports Meet with Hood College—Play Day.

Nov. 13—International Hockey Match: All-Scotland vs. All-Baltimore in Baltimore.

Nov. 16-20—Fall Sports Week.

Nov. 20—Freshman Party.

Cherry Tree Staff

There are several positions open on the Advertising Staff of the Cherry Tree.

On Thursday evening, November 5, at 9 p. m., there will be a meeting of the staff in the Hatchet Office, Building Y. Any student desiring a place on the staff must attend this meeting.

Gate and Key

There will be a meeting at the Sigma Chi house on Wednesday, November 4, at 8 p. m. Election of officers and initiation will take place. All alumni are cordially invited to attend.

Co-ed Campus Club

There will be a meeting of the Co-ed Campus Club on Monday, November 8, in Corcoran Hall 16, at 8 p. m. After this scheduled meeting, the meetings will be held regularly every other Monday night, at the same time and place. All girls interested are invited to attend.

Newman Club

The Newman Club will meet November 5 at 8:15 p. m. in K-12 to hear Dr. Arthur Deering, of Catholic University, discuss "The Modern Drama." All students are invited to attend.

Y. W. C. A.

All students and Y. W. C. A. members interested in the Foy Shop will meet at the "Y," Seventeenth and K streets, tomorrow afternoon from 1 to 6.

There will be a special election of a president for the "Y" at the next meeting, Thursday, November 12, at 12. Regular meetings will be held every other Thursday hereafter in Corcoran Hall 29.

All former Girl Reserves are invited to attend the National Girl Reserve Rally to be held in the Central High School Auditorium, November 5, at 4 o'clock. The program will be broadcast over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

Library Science Ref. Books

The reference books used by the students in the Division of Library science have been catalogued and rearranged in room 29 of Building J. This was done in order that the students in the Division may have greater facility in obtaining the necessary books, and Miss Lathrop sincerely hopes that all students interested will make use of these books.

National Women's Party

Much progress has been made toward the organization of a George Washington University Branch of the Student's Councils of the National Woman's Party. The formation of the Council is going forward under the direction of Margaret F. Luers, National Chairman of the Student's Councils of the Woman's Party. Frances Thrasher and Ruth Miller are assisting.

The Council is giving a tea at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, November 3, in the Lambie House.

Physics Club

There will be a meeting of the Physics Club of the George Washington University on November 5, in J-14, at 8:15 p. m. Dr. O. H. Gish, chief of the Experimental Work in Terrestrial Electricity at the Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism (Carnegie Institution), will speak on: "World wide electrical phenomena of the atmosphere."

Stadium Contains Classrooms

The stadium at the University of Arizona is more than a place for athletic contests, and is used every day of the week. The unusual feature of it is its classrooms which are located under the bleachers. The Little Theatre of the college is imbedded in the depth of what is supposed to be the athletic plant. Within these walls are also housed the interesting collections of the museum.

National Symphony Orchestra Company Gives Special Terms

Obtain Tickets Through Mrs. Barrows' Office on Deferred Payment Plan

By the courtesy of the National Symphony Orchestra Company, students at the George Washington University are being offered the privilege of paying for the National Symphony Orchestra concert tickets on the deferred payment plan. To take advantage of this opportunity, these tickets should be purchased through Mrs. Barrows' office.

Mr. Paul Wilstach and Mrs. Walter B. Howe addressed the freshman women's assembly last Wednesday on the subject of the National Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Wilstach said that Washington is very fortunate in securing Hans Kindler, who is internationally famous, being even more widely known in Europe than in this country, where he has an established reputation as a violinist of great genius.

The speakers stressed especially the popular Sunday afternoon concerts for which there are tickets available for as low as three dollars for the entire season of eight concerts.

The very interesting cover to Mr. Wilstach's latest book, "Tidewater Maryland," is posted on the library bulletin board. The author designed this cover himself.

How Long Women Wear Hose
 The home economics class at Ball State Teachers' College has found on investigation that some women can wear a pair of hose only one week, while others require only eight to twenty-five pairs each year. The hose experiment is based on the activities of the woman, care of the hose, and the type of laundering used.

Dole And Charity Subject Of First Debate Of Season

Englishmen Take Corcoran Platform Friday in International Clash

The debate season opened on an international scale last Friday evening, October 30, when representatives of the National Union of Students of England clashed with two experienced speakers from George Washington University.

Ralph Gilby and James Ronald upheld the negative of the subject, "Resolved, That the Dole provides a better method of solving the unemployment problem than does the charity system," against the British team, Stuart Craig, of University College, Nottingham, and John Needham, of

St. John's College, Durham University. There was no decision announced.

President Marvin presided over the debate. Professors Yeager was also on the platform.

Both teams presented facts of interest, but did not become deeply involved in the subject. The Britishers brought forth the argument that the Americans discussed only the "dole," and not the American "charity system." President Marvin remarked that both arguments were so convincing that each team was arguing for the other side.

Ralph Gilby gave the rebuttal for the George Washington team, while the second speaker for the English team gave the British rebuttal.

A reception was held on Friday afternoon for the British guests in the Lambie House. The faculty and members of the public speaking organizations were invited to meet the speakers.

Can't Own Autos
 Freshmen at G. W. U. are not allowed to own or operate automobiles.

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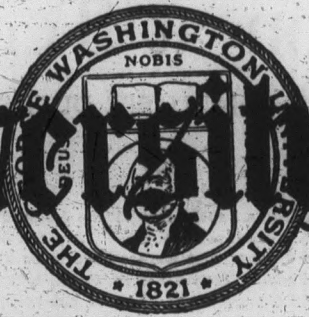
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The University Hatchet



Monthly Literary Review

Vol. XXVIII, No. 7

NOVEMBER, 1931

SECTION 2

College Students and Compulsory Military Training



IN THE last decade we have seen the steady growth of courses of instruction in military training in the colleges and universities of the United States. As long as such courses remained optional, there was no definite student reaction to them. However, when as a result of the passage of the National Defense Act, the compulsory feature of military training was introduced into most of our land-grant colleges, and in other state and federal-supported institutions, occasional and sporadic rebellions broke out, generally subsiding quickly, without result. One such outbreak, that at the College of the City of New York, blessed with determined leadership and a strong anti-military sentiment, succeeded in forcing the abolition of the compulsory feature. But these were extremely few and far between; hardly noticeable.

Figures taken from War Department statistics, indicate the extent to which military training has grown in colleges in less than a decade. In 1928-29, 314 institutions gave military training courses with War Department aid. 284 of these reported 142,260 cadets and 1,718 War Department instructors. Nearly all of these were enrolled under the R. O. T. C. at a cost to the government of \$10,696,600. Military training is compulsory in 160 of the 284 institutions reporting, and it affects over 75,000 college men. Contrasted to this huge expenditure of money, force and time, may be noted the fact that in the same year, but 6,226 men completed the course and received their commissions!

The student reaction to the compulsory feature of military training has grown steadily. Freedom from peace-time conscription is a boasted Anglo-Saxon tradition. Students not only objected to this obnoxious infringement upon their liberty, but saw in it an insidious anomaly. In a word, student leaders and thinkers began to realize that militarism had no place in a college curriculum nor in education in general. The thinking minority of students insisted that they had a right to voice their opinion and decide upon a matter which so vitally affected them. Such rebellion did not stray far from the pages of college papers and magazines, however; in a word, the "agitation" did not trespass the realm of the philosophic.

In questioning the place of militarism in the college curriculum, students were impressed with the brand of culture inculcated by the War Department instructors. According to the Manual on Citizenship Training, democracy is described as: "A government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of direct expression. Results in mobocracy. At-

By ROBERT SHOSTECK



titude toward property is communistic, negating property rights. Attitude toward the law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation, or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without regard to consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent and anarchy." Peace education, as generally subscribed to by groups as

Reverie

By RACHEL M. DOMINICK

*Above, the moon pale and slender
Glides in and out through gossamer clouds;
Below, the sea, broken by waves
So tiny they but enhance the gleam of stars
reflected.
While I upon the rocky shore, become
So wrapped in quiet
That I forget the troubles of the day
And find—peace.*

the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy Scouts, and churches, is described as: "The attempt to undermine the Nation from within is more serious than the threat of armed force from without. An impractical and destructive idealism, called internationalism, is being propagated by certain foreign agitators, and is being echoed and re-echoed by many of the Nation's leading intellectuals. Its efforts are to combat the spirit of patriotism, to destroy that spirit of nationalism without which no people can long endure."

What does the intelligent college man think of this insane and obsolete attitude? Can one see anything consistent between this and the high ideals and purposes of a university? Where is logic and reason in an attitude which habituates one to idea of slaughter as the rational means of settling international difficulties, and as a legitimate means of reaching decisions? In a word, the thinking student sees as a result of drill, the change in mental outlook of the youth so that he looks upon war as a normal part of life, and expects to take part in it.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the fight against military training was the fact that for the first time in the history of American

Universities, a national campaign was inaugurated against the evil of compulsory training. It is a well-known fact that American students, as a group, have practically no influence on national affairs. They have no organized mechanism to exert their influence as a body upon matters which affect them, directly or indirectly. This is in sharp contrast to the European student, who, well organized into numerous national and international organizations of a political, economic, religious or cultural nature, exerts a great influence in his country, city, and university. Such things as strikes are frequent—witness the student riots in Spain.

At a meeting of the Intercollegiate Student Council, the student organization of the League for Industrial Democracy, held in New York in December, 1930, the delegates, representing 49 Eastern Liberal Clubs, voted to initiate a campaign against compulsory military training on a national scale. They assessed themselves an amount sufficient to cover the printing of several thousand copies of a petition, drawn up by a committee, and distributed it to all colleges and universities in the United States. This petition of protest requested that Congress consider the mandate of student opinion in a matter which so vitally concerns it, and to outlaw the compulsory feature of military training, since such training taught doctrines contrary to the principles of American government; since it idealized war—inconsistent with the Kellogg Pact outlawing war; and since the majority of student opinion was opposed to military training.

Besides this petition, a definite plan of action was mapped out. Anti-military meetings were held on nearly all campuses. Speakers were sent out to speak on it and arouse interest in it. With hardly over a month's time, the Council collected between 10,000 and 12,000 signatures, and the mass votes of numerous assemblies and sympathetic organizations. The Intercollegiate Student Council, through its monthly bulletin and frequent circulars, spread interest in this campaign among its 125 clubs and affiliated organizations, urging meetings, signatures to petitions, local publicity, and a delegation to Washington.

On February 21, 1931, a delegation of 45 student leaders came to Washington, these students representing large and active organizations in Harvard, Swarthmore, U. of Maryland, Yale, Bryn Mawr, Howard, Johns Hopkins, Univ. of Wisconsin, Vassar, George Washington University, and Columbia University. Meetings were arranged in both the House Office Building and the Senate Office Building, with members of the Military Affairs Committee. The delegation, under

(Continued on page 7.)

Examination at Ten O'Clock

By CHARLOTTE DUBIN

MISCHA'S heart doubled over as the door of the house of *gospadin* Pavlavsky swung outward. Now what was very singular about that was that Mischa was waiting for a girl, and he had never been known to do such a thing before. No, he was a very serious young man who was struggling to learn the business of pharmacy so he could go out to serve the world and, more important, contribute to the support of a large and flourishing family. He had never had time for girls and other irrelevant things.

But yesterday—was it only yesterday?—when he had come to his tutor, *gospadin* Pavlavsky had called out to him from another room:

"I will be with you in a minute, Mischa Petrovich. Be patient!"

In the interim, the boy had idly fingered a book that was lying on the table. And he had found in the book a photograph of—*bojemoy!*—was it a princess or a goddess who was so beautiful? That was the first time his heart had turned over—completely over, you understand, not merely halfway.

So when the tutor had finally come in, he had asked, trying to appear casual, to whom the book and photograph belonged. He might, he suggested, return them to the young lady.

"That is the property of one of my morning students, Natalia Gregorivich, who is also studying pharmacy. She will take her examination at the *gymnasia* the same time as you," replied the old scholar, "and I suppose that is the picture she is sending for identification. I will give it back to her; you need not worry about it."

But Mischa had chosen to worry. He had clung tenaciously to the book and had gazed all evening at the precious image inside it, and here he was, waiting for that door to open—for Beauty to step out and confound him.

Suddenly a girlish voice cried out, "Tomorrow, then, as usual?"

And the tutor, his usual gruff mutter softened, answered, "Tomorrow, Natalichka."

Whereupon, Mischa prepared to dash up to the sprightly dark-haired-and-eyed girl who was coming down the steps. He was, however, so shy, that she had already gotten to the gate before he stirred.

"Pardon," he said, "I am sorry—please excuse me—but, you see . . . Mlle. Gregorivich—"

"Oh—you found my book!" Graciously, she took the precious object from him. "Thank you so much. And how do you know my name, sir?"

"I am a pupil of Papa Pavlavsky and he tells me we are to take our examination at the same time."

"Oh." She looked at him with new interest. "I wonder if you are the young man of whom he always talks—the one who has such a career ahead of him if he will consent to major in chemistry."

"He has said such a thing to me," acknowledged Mischa, giving the girl an opportunity to see how nice he looked when he blushed. "But I am going to be a pharmacist."

"Oh," she said, and another girl, if she were one of those spiteful beings who love to pick to pieces their sisters, would have assured you that the reason Natalia Nicolovna Gregorivich said "oh" so much was because her little red mouth looked so cunning when it was pursed into a small round knot.

By this time Mischa's head was in such a whirl that he would not have been able to direct a stranger to his favorite park had he been asked. He let the girl do all the talking.

"Have they told you when the Examination is to be, or do you have to go every day and look at the bulletin board?"

"Yes," said Mischa. (Any dummy would have known that he meant that to be an answer to the second question.)

"I wonder why they do that," she fretted. "It's such a bother to walk so far every day for nothing."

"They are a bunch of pigs!" he declared hotly, this being his favorite topic. "They can do anything they want, but *we*, *we* have to be at their beck and call. They are dogs, swine, tyrants—"

"Oh, you must hush! You do not know what you say!" Natalia glanced about fearfully, for who knew when the czar's agents might be around, ready to clap into jail any refractory subjects? "Here, I am home," she continued, much relieved to be there safely. "Thank you, sir, for taking care of my book."

"My name is Mischa Petrovich," he offered timidly, holding on to her hand.

"Oh! Well, goodbye, Mischa Petrovich."

"Goodbye, Natalia Gregorivich."

Mischa was halfway home before he realized that he had not asked this wonderful young lady whether he could come to see her. Appalled by such carelessness, he turned about to go right back, but another thought struck him. Suppose, then, her father should open the door and find him there? Russian fathers have a way of sending unknown young men about their business! No, he must wait his chance to see her again. There was the house of *gospadin* Pavlavsky, and—oh, joy!—there was the bulletin board at the *gymnasia*!

April passed into May, and May was well on its way towards June, but still the Examination

Cinquain for Night

By MARGARET GEAGAN

The moon
Is a spider
Catching the ancient stars
Like foolish flies in its web of
Silver.

had not been announced, nor had Mischa met Natalia Gregorivich. For the very day after their first meeting one of Mischa's brothers had inconsiderately come down with the flu. Mischa had had to take his place at the store and had not been able to leave even for his lessons, much less to hang around the tutor's house waiting for girls.

That the brother's attack was mild and soon over helped not a bit, for when Mischa returned to Papa Pavlavsky he was told that Natalia had finished her course and was not coming there any more. Thus did Fate attempt to nip in the bud the flower of Mischa's adoration. The heartless hag well knew that he would not dare to go to the girl's home, Russian youths knowing better than to stumble into places where they and their parents and their grandparents, at least, are not known.

Then one day the young pharmaceutical student stopped at a drug store near his grandmother's house, and there—leaning over the prescription counter—was his goddess! She smiled at him.

"Well, Mischa Petrovich (you see I have a good memory) what can I do for you?"

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "Oh, this is my brother Nicola's store. Is it headache pills you want?"

"But you haven't been registered as a pharmacist," he insisted.

"No, and I do not make prescriptions. Still, I am very useful to my brother. Now, what is it you came for?"

"Ah," said Mischa. "Are you here every day?"

"Yes, all the time—except when I go to the *gymnasia*."

"I have never seen you there."

"Well! You do not spend all day there, do you? Perhaps I go at a different time. And, too, sometimes I do not go at all. I am getting very much discouraged. Papa Pavlavsky told me it was sure to be either late in April or early in May."

"Oh, the officials are swine," Mischa declared assuringly. "You cannot tell when they will give it. Well, I have to have some licorice drops for my grandmother who is an old lady who does not believe in modern science, and then I will see you again some day."

"Yes, come in often," she said. "And I wish I knew when the Examination was to be."

"That is hard to tell. They don't know themselves. Well, goodbye, Natalia Nicolovna."

"Goodbye. How do you know my second name?"

"One learns such things," he grinned.

So Mischa's grandmother began to see quite a lot of her grandson, and Nicola Gregorivich gained a steady customer. Even so, the young man never went to Natalia's home or offered to take her out. He might well have done both, for Nicola's presence in the store, and his acquaintance with old Mrs. Petrovich would have satisfied the conventions.

Perhaps, you say, Mischa was too busy studying; perhaps he was still shy. Indeed, one could think of many reasons. But deep down, he knew himself that the real reason was that he did not think himself worthy of it. He felt he must do something for her, some great deed to prove himself of account. It was all very indefinite, however, and in the meanwhile he did nothing but sigh and trudge to the *gymnasia* every day to look at the bulletin board.

It was on May 25 that it happened. Mischa got to the *gymnasia* that morning about nine o'clock, and there on the bulletin board were the words:

"Examination in Pharmacy—10 o'clock, May 25."

There was more, too, to the effect that those who did not come, or were late, would have to wait until next year to take it and would even then be looked upon disapprovingly as slackers; and to the effect that each candidate should have sent in his photograph for identification, and if he hadn't sent it in there was no use in his coming—which was rather useless, seeing that one had to be there already to read the notice.

But Mischa didn't stop to read any of that. He knew all about it. And here it was five minutes after nine; the examination was to be at ten; Natalia wasn't there yet; she sometimes didn't come; and this was the only chance to take it! All this Mischa thought out as he dashed from the building towards the drug store of Nicola Gregorivich, at the other end of town.

Half an hour later he burst into the store.

"Natalia! The examination is at ten o'clock! Come with me! We can make it if we run!"

"But—"

"Don't talk—come!" He grasped her hand and pulled her around the counter.

"Wait a minute," she said, and, sticking her head into the prescription department, "Nicolavichka, I am going to the *gymnasia* to take the Examination!"

"Good," answered a clear, calm voice. "God give you success, Natalichka. And you too, my boy."

By which time they were out in the street.

"We'll—ne-ver make—it!" she gasped. "Get a cab."

"You're right—I'm—fool," he panted. "Es-rastchik (cab driver)! *Evastchik!*"

A pair of horses attached to a somewhat dilapidated cab clattered up.

"To the *gymnasia*, fast as ten devils!" ordered Mischa as he lifted Natalia into the seat.

For a time they couldn't talk. Then, when Natalia had regained her breath, she thought of something.

(Continued on page 4.)

The GREY DRESS and BONNET

By ELIZABETH NEYMAN



AUREL had learned in the six months she had been married not to talk to Roger more than necessary on the way to church. There had been Sunday mornings during the past winter that were severe enough to make silence seem fitting, but today was provokingly spring. It ought to be talked about.

One could have said, "Roger, look at the funny puddles in the street with the papers sailing on them. Let's take a boat to Shanghai or the Bermudas."

Or, "The fuzzy tree-worms on the walk would look lovely on your ears, my dear."

Or, "The wind makes me want to dance over this funny brick walk. I'd pick up that baby on the corner, and we'd find a cloud on which to sail away."

Roger said, "Fine morning. We ought to have a good congregation today."

There was another reason for Laurel's happiness today. She had a new grey dress and bonnet. They had cost nothing much at all, and Jane had been kind about making the dress. A new dress and bonnet did something to one. Especially a bonnet that had a rose lining.

They were nearing the church. The wind flapped the blankets in the buggies tied at the hitching posts. The horses stomped in the mud. Children were gathering on the church steps.

Laurel knew that this morning the church service would inspire her, that even the wheezy organ would sound impressive. Roger's sermons were uplifting if one could forget that Roger had spilled egg on his tie, or that burning his finger on the stove had made him testy for an hour or so.

There was that dear little Gertrude. Laurel bent to kiss her curls.

"You have a purty dress and hat, Missus Keniman. I like it."

"Do you, dear? Let me whisper something to you. I like it, too. It makes me feel like a princess with long golden curls!"

"But your hair is black. You don't have golden curls, Missus Keniman."

Laurel laughed. "No, but today I might have. I've always wanted them."

And then Laurel faced the eyes of the Sunday School. Everyone knew when the preacher and his wife came. They always turned to nod and smile—and criticize. She could see the older women in the Bible class giving one surprised look and nod, and then quickly using their Quarterlies to hide their whispers. Laurel did not need to hear them.

"Land sakes, there she is in a new grey dress. Of all things. And she ain't been married a year. Grey! What is Reverend Keniman thinking of? She doesn't need to do it for us. Goodness knows we know what salary he's a-gettin'."

Laurel answered them in her mind as she smilingly took her place beside her Junior class.

"You old sticks! I didn't get this dress to please you. I got it because I love grey, and it was cheap, and the bonnet had this lovely lining. Don't you see I need this rosy lining to my bonnet? Then when you have made my face dough-colored by your demands I'll still look young and happy. As for the Reverend Keniman, he does not know my bonnet is lined with rose, nor that my dress is grey. It might be green, or red, or black, or purple as far as he knows."

Still she smiled and the nearest Junior showed her his new shoes.

"They cost lots of money. My mother got them at Brown's Store. They're having a sale."

"I'm sure they are lovely, Dan. How nice to have new shoes."

Sunday School hymns, the penny march, classes. And Laurel, feeling the soft folds of the new dress, and remembering that the bonnet was becoming, once more was happy. She did not feel quite the same happiness she had felt before the



saintly scrutiny had begun, but nearly that. The children were dear. Why did they have to grow up and learn creeds and doctrines and prejudices? She thought of baby foxes and how soft they looked when small. One day they would become conscious of the fact that they were foxes, and then they would use their quarterlies to hide their whispers. No, no, she was getting things mixed. Anyway it was time to march back into the audience room for closing exercises.

Deacon Edwards always sat on the front row at the services. He always came a little before time in order to compose himself, and adjust his ear trumpet. This new preacher was giving some good sermons. Straight stuff. And his wife was a friendly little woman. Always came to speak to him. Rather pretty, too, and modest. Wore black and did her duty in the work of the Lord. Young folks said she was lively, but maybe they were over-speaking. Young people had the peskiest way of making everything more than it really was. Folks said she could sing like a lark, but he couldn't rightly tell, of course, since he was deaf enough to use a trumpet. He'd try to listen special this morning.

The organ wheezed forth the prelude. The choir composed itself in the ante-room.

Jane said, "You look lovely this morning, my dear. Everyone in the church will know where

every stitch is before the Doxology. I hope they don't see where we had to piece the skirt."

Jane was a dear. It was all very funny to her. Laurel knew that Mrs. Wilkins would tell Mrs. Jones that the pleats in the front of the grey dress were about an inch wide, and that Mrs. Jones would counter with the information that the buttons on the sleeves were all of an inch wide, and the puffs were too big.

"Do your best on the special now, folks. We practised it enough, goodness knows." The chorister was nervous. "When you come to D. C. don't forget to turn back to page three instead of one, the way we planned."

The progress of the choir that morning was the progress of the grey dress and bonnet. Laurel felt naked before them.

Deacon Edwards had been thumbing through a hymnal. He looked up as the choir started the Doxology. His ear-trumpet suddenly descended to his lap, he bent forward and stared one instant at the grey-clad minister's wife. Then the ear trumpet ascended to its most useful position, and the Deacon became absorbed in contemplating the Madonna and Child in the window back of the pulpit.

To Laurel the church service was endless. Not the inspiring thing she had thought it would

(Continued on page 8.)

Old-Man Molly

By ANTHONY d'ESTE

PETER was a big man now, almost five years old. He was such a big boy he had to make-believe he didn't like Molly.

Molly was truly the favorite among all his dolls. Molly wore girl's clothes, but he was really an old, old man. One leg was short and one leg long, and his face was broken, but Molly was the oldest one of his playmates. Molly was almost as old as Papa.

Peter wasn't lonely. He had lots of friends. They all slept in a row under his hammock at night. They would stay awake a long time with him and hear the whippoorwill sadly crying over the bayous. Peter almost felt like crying too, but he would hug Molly close and have a funny warm happy feeling in his throat.

Peter wasn't lonely. In the daytime he would put Molly and some fresh-faced silly dolls in his own old baby carriage that had the bottom falling out, and he would push them way down the corduroy road where the frogs were. Why did they call it corduroy? It was just a long row of logs put sideways across the swamp.

Molly knew why it was corduroy. Molly knew lots of things. Molly saw God once—He was a cloud, and His face was white and blurry. After that Peter knew that Molly was awfully wise and called him Old-Man Molly.

The best time Peter ever had was when he and Molly ran away. Peter was crying and dragging Molly along behind him in the dust. They walked through the woods to Deer Point. Peter found lots of little trees, little cute baby pines that

weren't as big as his finger. He made a pile of the little trees at Deer Point and then went on up the bayou where people had never gone before. It was all very still. No birds sang.

Peter went on and on and on. He at last came to a cliff, a little cliff. And there was a tiny beach, with bones of terribly big dead fishes on it, great big fishes that could eat alligators.

Peter made Molly stand by one of the big fishes, so that it wouldn't run away. And Peter dug a hole in the ground to bury the fish. Peter dug by scraping with sticks and scooping with shells. He had to bury the fish. Molly had caught it and killed it a long time ago, before Peter could remember.

But Peter stopped digging. He was lonesome and tired. He lay down on the warm sand and looked up at the breathing sky. It was deep, deeper than the terrible bayou, where you could put a whole quarry and have it sink down for always and always. A quarry was a pebble grown up after a million years. You could throw all the quarries into the sky. It was big enough. Maybe they would fall up—and up forever. You could throw the whole world into the sky, and it would keep on falling through the boggy air. Peter was suddenly dizzy. Maybe he would fall in. What could he hold on to? But Old-man Molly was there. Old-man Molly knew that people didn't fall up, fall all the way to heaven. He hugged Molly.

Then there was a long groaning sound echo-like down the bayou. "Whooo-oooh!" It was Mama calling. Peter dropped Molly and ran into the forest.

He was lost. A stick suddenly turned into a rattlesnake and clicked at him. The logs were all sleeping alligators that would wake up and eat him. He ran on. Black things hurried around in the daylight. It was so lonesome here they were not afraid of the sun. Peter was a big, big man. He knew there was nothing to be afraid of in the daytime. But he began crying and running. He stumbled and screamed. There was an answering call. Just as he stood up the bushes swished—there was mama! He was five years old, almost, but Mama picked him up and kissed him. He told her all about it.

That night, after Papa had talked a lot at him but hadn't spanked him, he undressed himself and went to bed. Where was Old-man Molly? Peter remembered he had left him on the beach. Peter knew that he could never go back to the beach, that Mama and Papa couldn't find it, that it was a million miles and a million years away. Peter began crying. Old-man Molly had ridden the big fish away down the bayou. Old-man Molly was a doll. He wasn't a good doll. He couldn't ride fishes. It was all make-believe. Everything was make-believe. Peter was a big man now. Everything had to be truly so.

Mama came, but he couldn't tell her. He didn't want Old-man Molly anyhow. Old-man Molly was just a girl-doll.



(Continued from page 2.)

"Oh, Mischa! I haven't been reviewing. I shall never pass! Oh, dear, and you come so suddenly and drive the last bit of knowledge out of my brain!"

She would have wrung her hands, but the cab was rounding a corner and she needed them to grip the sides of the seat.

"Listen, Natalichka," counseled Mischa. "You stick by me and I will see that you get Papa Ivanoff. He is old and will be lenient to a young girl. The others are mean devils."

"How do you know?" she asked, as the sudden stopping of the *droschky* flung her into his arms.

"My cousin took his last year," he whispered into her ear, his words all mixed up with her beautiful black hair.

The grinning *evastchik* was paid after a good deal of nervous fumbling and a slight reinforcement from the ever resourceful Natalia, and they entered the building. It was five minutes of ten, which gave Natalia a chance to smooth down her hair and mumble a few formulas. Thank goodness she had an exceptional memory!

The examination hall was a large room lined neatly with little tables, each with a chair in back of it for the professor and one in front for the female candidate. Boys were expected to show their proper respect by remaining standing.

The thirty or forty students assembled seemed a very small cluster in such a huge hall, which fact imbued them with a fitting spirit of humility and inferiority. Fitting, that is, in the eyes of the pompous officials who behaved for the most part as though they begrudged the next generation its share of pharmacists.

At ten o'clock a bell clanged dimly and a queue formed at the center and largest table where two officials began the solemn process of identification. Each candidate was carefully scrutinized and compared with the previously submitted photograph. His handwriting, too, was examined and certain questions put him. If he suffered the scrutiny without stuttering and blushing he was graciously allowed to wait in one

of three other lines for his turn to be interrogated in pharmaceutical subjects.

As Mischa and Natalia waited, they observed a slight commotion at the head of the line. One of the candidates was expostulating with an indignant examiner who excitedly displayed two sheets of paper. The line buzzed. Some one was being caught in the act of impersonating his twin brother! That he protested the absence in his family of any twins seemed to make no difference. The handwriting on the application submitted months ago did not conform with his handwriting today!

"Maybe it has changed," said Natalia. "That is possible."

"It is, indeed, probable," replied a young man bitterly. "What is not probable is that he will be believed."

And so it was. The great Russian ideal, Authority, prevailed, and the career and life of a Russian youth was sacrificed to its further glory.

"Perhaps they will not accept me," whispered Mischa gloomily. "Between my inability to photograph well and old Dubov's outworn genius, I don't know whether my picture looks like me or not!"

"Well," returned Natalia, "I give thanks that I still wear my hair the same way."

But Dubov had managed to produce a likely image of Mischa and Authority was satisfied. Identification over, they slipped into the line that had formed before the group of tables including that of the benevolent Ivanoff.

"Keep your eye on Papa Ivanoff," cautioned Mischa. "The one to his left is Alexandrovitch, a brute of a dog. I don't know the one to the right."

"And I'd rather not find out," said Natalia nervously, as she eyed the stern personage indicated.

They stood, finally, just behind the barrier that keeps the waiting student discreetly out of ear-

shot of the professors' tables. The moment was approaching—Natalia would be the next.

Then—horrors!—they noticed that the pupil before Alexandrovitch was ready to leave! Natalia clutched Mischa's hand and looked up at him imploringly. The boy's heart sank, but just as the professor beckoned to Natalia he saw Ivanoff's pupil turn away.

"Quick!" he hissed, and pushing her forward he thrust her into the chair before the old man. Then he stepped, himself, to the other table.

"Very clever, young man," sneered Professor Alexandrovitch, and Mischa clenched his fists. However, one cannot think of revenge when a venomous examiner begins pouring on one a cataract of questions.

An hour later the young couple met outside the building. Mischa was wiping perspiration off his forehead; Natalia was cool, but excited.

"Oh, Mischa, it was thrilling. The questions he asked! But I remembered everything. And you?"

"The test wasn't so bad, but—that dirty Alexandrovitch!"

"Never mind. Maybe some day he will come into your store for a prescription. But, really, Mischa, how can I thank you? If you hadn't come, I would never have been a pharmacist! Why—"

"Why, Natalichka, that's all right. It was nothing. That's all it was—nothing!"

They walked along for a few blocks. No word was spoken, but their hearts sang wonderful little songs. Suddenly, Mischa stopped and took her hand.

"There is a little nook in the park, Natalichka—and on Sundays the band plays wonderful concerts. Will you go with me next Sunday?"

"Oh, lovely! But, first, you must have dinner with us. Father wants to meet you."

When he began to whistle, she looked up at him quizzically. But she didn't find it necessary to ask questions.

A TALK WITH BESS

By MARY PORTER RUSSELL



SHAFT of late afternoon sun projected itself into the city room and fell across the face of Kenneth as if he alone were worthy of a spotlight. He sat there blinking in it, his thoughts on the political copy before him, unmindful that the keen rays were seeking out secrets. They played across the bridge of his nose and his cheeks, revealing tiny, broken veins that may or may not have resulted from alcoholic indulgence. They brought out a faint, indefinable coarsening of contour. They showed you eyes that had been too often disappointed in their quest for an unknown something, a chin that would not let him run from the hard knocks of life and a mouth that admitted they hurt. He became restive under the sun's scrutiny, and looked up rather defiantly to see a copy boy approaching him.

"Boss wants to see you, Mr. McDiarmid."

"All right, Jerry," Kenneth gave the boy a friendly smile, but the lines of bitterness in his face grew deeper as he turned once more to his copy. It was silly of him to resent this everlasting business of being sent for; silly of him not to get used to jumping at the editor's call and turning somersaults all over the place in an effort to please him. Wasn't that what he was there for? Oh, well, it wouldn't be for long in this place. If one wasn't strong enough to gain freedom, one could at least make an occasional change of masters.

He rose and walked past the copy desks, the rewrite men and the long row of reporters toward the private office at the rear. Funny how quiet everything was. The click of typewriters without the competition of human voices raised in wisecracking, in hilarity, and in argument, sounded hard and somehow ominous. What was happening, anyhow? He had been too busy to notice it before, but there was certainly tenseness in the air. And the faces of the men he passed were sullen. He opened the door and went in.

"Guess he'll get his," said the sports writer, who was forty and considered too old for his job, to the boy who was twenty and still a cub.

"How do you suppose he'll take it?"

"Like the rest of us, of course. You don't think he can live on his family's tradition, do you? A cut salary's better than no salary at all just now, and the powers that be know it, damn them. They know we'll smile like fish and stay put."

"Bess wasn't smiling when the Ed had her in today. I opened the door accidentally while she was in there. Boy, how the old girl can let loose on a man!"

"Guess she won out. She always does. In that case, maybe Ken can throw up the works and live off her. She's making more than he is anyhow, you know."

"That would be a pleasant lot. How'd he happen to marry her, in the first place?"

"Didn't you ever hear? He was drunk. He couldn't stand many drinks in those days. One of the bunch threw a party, and someone said why didn't they get married, and Bess said, 'Sure we will,' very quickly, and Ken said, 'S'aright wi' me,' and the next morning his head was aching before he opened his eyes, but it ached worse after he'd opened them."

"Then he never did care for her?"

"Oh, some, I guess. She was better looking six years ago than she is now, of course, and she was already about the keenest newspaper woman in the country. You know how clever she can be when she talks, and how awfully witty. Well, it was a sort of revelation to Ken, I suppose. He was used only to debs. And I think he liked the naturalness of her and the way she didn't powder her nose and didn't pat her hair around when she'd take off her hat. But I know he didn't think enough of her to want to get hitched for life. I'll never forget the drawn look about his mouth the first week after it happened, nor the dazed

way he took the crowd's razzing, nor the consideration with which he treated Bess—just as if he were a regular bridegroom."

"Considerate to that hyena? Why didn't he leave her?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand, my boy, any more than she understands him. She thinks his courtesy's a kind of weakness. That's the only complaint she has against him, except his inability to quarrel interestingly. She's really quite fond of him in her own way, and I guess poor Ken knows it."

"Hush, he's coming."

Ken paused as he came up to them, and looked down at their inquisitive faces noncommittally.



"How much?" they asked in one breath.

"Twenty off a week."

"Sticking?"

"Yes."

"Guess we'll all have to."

"I suppose so." He left them, passed on to his own desk, sat down for a moment, then looked at his watch, picked up his hat and walked from the room. In the hall he stopped at the public telephone booth.

"Main 601," he said into the transmitter. "Turner's Advertising Agency? Mr. Turner, please. McDiarmid speaking." He passed his hand over his forehead in a gesture that seemed to recognize in itself a hopeless effort to relieve the throb.

"Hello, Dan," he said presently. "I've changed my mind about that job. The reason is confidential, but you're due an explanation. The paper's about to go under and I've got to stick."

He walked to the other end of the hall and caught the elevator as it went downward.

"Looks like rain, Mr. McDiarmid," the elevator boy's black face was earnest. He had had impressed on him the value of news.

"I believe you're right, Jim." Ken's eyes had taken on an introspective look. He lit a cigarette with a hand that trembled slightly. He had noticed that unsteadiness before, but he wouldn't go to a doctor. What was the use when he knew what he'd tell him? And if you gave up cigarettes and drinks, what was there?

As he crossed the street to find his parking place, a car descended suddenly upon him, then swerved miraculously to one side, on a gracious resolve to spare his life. Damn those left-hand turns! That machine nearly got him. . . . Well, what if it had?

He started his car and threaded his way out of the crowded district. What in the world was the matter with him? And why had he acted

as he had? Pretty gesture, wasn't it? Faithful slave refuses to leave sinking ship. His lips formed a wry smile.

It must have been that unaccustomed note of fright and frenzy in the old man's querulous voice. Well, he needn't take too much credit to himself. He wouldn't have done it if it had really meant anything to him. What did the advertising job stand for but a little more money—a temporarily diverting change to writing lies about commercial goods instead of truths about elections—a transfer to new surroundings that would not long stay new? What was anything you wanted to do in life but a kind of drink that would help you stand up under the rest of your sentence?

But this was awful. You couldn't go on like that. You couldn't begin when you were thirty-three just waiting for the end. It was time to turn into the street leading to his home, but he turned instead in the other direction, toward a deserted country road that he'd come to think of as his. They were supposed to go to a cocktail party and Bess would be angry at his being late. Well, let her! He'd seen enough of her tempers to get used to them by now. That is, he ought to be used to them. Funny how there were some things time wouldn't help you get adjusted to. The indistinct face of a young girl rose before him. Strange that he'd think of his first sweetheart. He wasn't trying to kid himself into thinking he'd had one of those grand, lasting passions for Elsie, was he? She had never really meant anything to him. But Elsie stood for something. She was—well, she was sweet.

You could have gotten along with Elsie without rowing all the time. She wouldn't have tried to walk all over you because she knew you hated scenes. She wouldn't have forced you into eternal quarreling for your rights to avoid being submerged by her so deeply that you weren't yourself at all but something she had made you. You wouldn't have waked up in the mornings with the taste of bitter words in your mouth; you wouldn't have gone about with the lasting hurt, with the humiliating sense of shame that was the result of an ordeal with her. Since Bess would have quarrels, why couldn't he get over them, as she did? Why couldn't he share her reactions of exhilaration and gaiety and her inability to hold resentment? Why couldn't he forget?

It had been a long time since he had thought of Elsie. He'd have asked her to marry him, he supposed, if his father hadn't gone broke. That was the year he had decided to travel—to make his way about the world by writing pieces for home papers—to go everywhere, anywhere, to the Lost City of Angkor, maybe, and to Capri and Mount Parnassus; to leave places when he wished to and to stay when he pleased. He was driving very slowly now. That had been fun, fun. What if his plans hadn't worked out? It was making them that mattered. Wanting things so badly that you hurt with eagerness, then trying to get them—that was happiness and that was life. . . . What in the hell was the matter with him? Must he be an idiot always? He turned the car abruptly and started home.

The upper story of the house was dark. Bess must have decided not to go to the party or she'd be dressing. He turned the key and stood with his hand on the knob for an instant, while two lightening pictures flashed before his mind. One was of a dimly-lit, caressing interior, with his mother, cool and gracious, in the foreground, and his sisters, dainty and gay, calling out a welcoming greeting; the other was of the room he was about to enter—a thing of fine old furniture profaned by overturned ash trays and mad disorder, wallowing in an atmosphere of hectic scenes and resentful servants.

He sighed and went in. Bess was stretched out in one of the big chairs, asleep, her slipped feet extended on a stool before her, her flushed face upturned, her right hand dangling above a

(Continued on page 6.)

Judas' Lament

By JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS

It was but yesterday I found a change in him, whom I had trusted and believed in, him who was a friend, a friend along the road.

(Ah! what a king he would have been!) How strong and forceful to the mob! Have I not seen him many times lift up his limbs, his corded muscles straining to the pitch, to help some woman bear her load of wood? Rare it is to see a man so strong be kind. Is it not rare that they be quiet and hide their chattering. Yet it was ever so with him who was a friend, a friend along the road.

It was evening when we left the wood, coming out into the cooling, open field. Flocks of birds were chattering there, madly snatching grain, the one from his fellow, till we had to throw them crumbs to stop their chattering. The sun was sinking into blood, and chilling mists rose out of furrows gashed into the earth. The moon was rolling in the sky. We thought he'd stop, admire the sun, as was his usual way, his, who was a friend, a friend along the road.

(Oh! we had walked in evenings, and we had walked at nights; and it was ever his way to stop and watch the sun, to stop and watch the sun . . . this man who was a friend, a friend along the road.)

But no, he did not see the sun. He was thinking in himself. (The mole grew up to be an emperor, the worm to be a king) . . . and this was he growing, growing, growing within himself, enlarging the circle, breaking its line until

its circumference should scatter on the earth and madness be the starting and the ending of the day. Yet he was but a man, a man along the road. A little more than we, a touch of fire was his, but we had never guessed, nor ever thought, nor seen the raging fire of madness, that seethed behind his eyes . . . this man who was a friend, a friend along the road.

He was too eager when he asked: 'Who do men say I am?' and turned. And Peter, frightened by the rolling ball of fire in Jesus' eye, and speaking in a breath: 'You are the Christ, the son of God,' he said. But this we knew. It is the fire, the seething mine of fire behind his eyes that frightens me. And I am terrified by him who was a friend, a friend along the road.

And now the circle's broken, and fire and stone are loosened in his mind. There was a time before the fall when we thought him our king. King of the Jews! King of the Jews! we whispered this in hovels in the night, or when we slept in fields, or when we walked the roads, or when he preached in cities by the sea. But never did we dream he meant this madness that he told us in the field. Not so much what he said, but how he said it, for we guessed his words before he spoke . . . And now he says that all of us must die . . . go to Jerusalem and die for him. . . .

And now he throws away the kingdom of the Jews, for his belief. The priests do not like mad fanaticism, and what else is this? (Fire behind his eyes!) Ah! God! Again the Jews must wait your coming son; nor will I let your race be damned by him whose madness sits behind his eyes and glares. No! Nor will I let his madness rouse in Rome, a hate for these, your chosen sons. If necessary I will sell this fool to those who understand his failing mind.

And yet, oh Lord, this moment's agony will never pass . . . for he was my friend, my friend, Oh! God! This man along the road.

pretty rotten. I lost my job today. Fight with the Ed."

There was a quivering silence. This wasn't fair. It was life trying to down him again after he'd struggled up. Well, it couldn't. He was going to leave her. He would tell her now. She might as well have both blows at once. She could get over them together.

"Ken, don't look so tragic. What do we care for a few dirty dollars."

His reason told him that her show of indifference was rather magnificent. Her job was not her means of life; it was her life. He noted the lines of suffering in her face. This thing had hit her hard. How could he break his own news best?

"We don't care, Bess," he said, almost gently. "And besides, there are other jobs, you know?"

"You're a good scout, Ken." Her lips went through the incomparably pathetic movements of a mouth that is trying to smile and is going to cry. "Oh, Ken, how could they? I don't want another job. I've slaved for them since I was eighteen. I was part of the paper. You know how I—how." Her voice quavered and broke. This was dreadful. Bess didn't cry. But she was crying. She hid her face in an arm on the table and great shuddering sobs emerged.

He felt for her an impersonal pity. He patted her shoulder. "Please don't, Bess." He was glad there wasn't a child to make the thing he was about to do harder. How he had wanted one once! "It's a beastly break women get, Ken," Bess had told him. "The world knows it and that's why it throws out propaganda for the poor simpletons to grow up on. Oh, yes, it's natural for women to crave children and it's good for all that ails them, and they're thwarted if they don't. Every girl hears it from the time she's ten. And it's lies, all of it. Why isn't she told the truth? Nobody told me, but I've observed it, and I won't be taken in. I'm going to do things myself, Ken. I won't make the big sacrifice for the coming generation. Oh, Ken, I'm me!"

Well, she'd chosen her course; let her take it. Let her glory in her job. . . . But she didn't have a job.

"They can't get along without my column, Ken. Half the subscriptions will stop. If they'd had any sense, they'd have known it."

She had raised her face. It was swollen and ugly. The misery in her eyes stuck a dull knife through you, a knife with ragged edges. He had seen her eyes like that just once before. There was terror in them then mixed with the misery. He was on a hospital bed and she was leaning over him. There were bandages on his head and hands. He was wondering what had happened. She spoke in a voice that was not like her own. "Ken, you're better. You've got to be better. . . . Why didn't you go on and run over the dog; you darn fool? You're not worth much, but you're worth more than he is."

Her eyes were looking straight at him now. He turned away, but he still could see them. Perhaps he had better wait till tomorrow to tell her. He'd have to break it gently.

"I'd like to have seen the old man when you sprang it on him about your advertising job," said Bess. "How did he take it?"

"I didn't mention the new place. I told him I'd stick."

"You don't mean that. You couldn't have done it. Even you couldn't have been so stupid." Her unhappiness was lost in her fury. "I won't have you making a fool of me. You'll have to tell him tomorrow."

There she was trying to run him again. But why should he care? He was going to leave her. "You needn't get excited. I've decided tonight that I won't stay. I'm not going back." He said the last words emphatically. They seemed directed to himself as much as to her.

"On account of me," said Bess, mollified. He didn't answer.

She reached her hand over to him presently, and he pressed it slightly. It was cold and a little rough.

"This may sound funny coming from me, with all the wisecracks I've made about marriage,"

(Continued on page 8.)

(Continued from page 5.)

cigarette that had fallen from her relaxed fingers and lay burning a hole in the rug.

Ken stepped on the cigarette and stood for a moment in contemplation of his wife's unkempt hair and ink-stained fingers. Then he selected a daily from the stack of newspapers at her side, lighted a cigarette and looked about for an empty chair.

It was in the midst of this process that his eyes fell on the shoes Bess had removed, and it was then that something unaccountable in him happened.

They were wide shoes, and they bulged out over the soles. The heels were twisted so that each shoe seemed on the point of falling over. Shopping had always bored Bess. "Getting new clothes is such a nuisance," she was always saying. She liked to be different. He turned away, but his eyes came involuntarily back to the shoes and rested on the bulges. A word came before his mind and remained there, growing larger. Peasant—peasant. The corners of his lips curled slightly. He could see Bess removing the shoes and shuffling upstairs in her stockinged feet for her slippers. He could see her ankles. Oh, God, her ankles! His eyes fixed themselves on the right shoe, and suddenly something was unlocked inside him. Something was going about freely in his brain; a captive something that he had thought he would never be able to release.

He turned to Bess and said in a hushed voice, "I'm going to leave you." He listened to the words incredulously. Bess's eyelids had fluttered slightly, but she had not roused. He looked about the room in an odd sort of frenzy, then rushed to the rear door and let himself out into the sym-

pathetic presence of the garden. The night was dark, but it was a friendly darkness. He lifted his eyes to the drifting clouds. Two of them parted and a single star shone out. There was passionate yearning in Ken's face and glowing hope. He became conscious of ecstatic little shivers going over him. It was as if he were eighteen. He was young again, and life was sweet. He wanted. . . . He turned with a quick movement and went in, closing the door after him softly so that it would make no sound. He tiptoed across the room. From out a cabinet he drew a globe; on one of the bookshelves he found an atlas. He sat on a stool and placed them by him. He studied one and then the other. He took a notebook and pencil from his pocket and began scribbling things down. He rose and went back to the bookshelves, searched among them for a moment, and drew out Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance." The book next it slipped, as he did so, and fell to the floor.

"Ken? Is that you?" The words started from Bess's lips in frightened exclamation, but ended in a yawn as she turned and saw him.

Panic caught at his throat, but he didn't falter. He might as well get this over quickly. "I've been waiting for you to wake. I want to talk to you, Bess."

"If it's about Eddie's kissing me last night, you needn't. He'd had two too many and I'd had one too many, and he wanted to kiss me and I let him. What of it? Don't be primitive, Ken."

"That's not—"

"Oh, please don't preach." She was irritated, as usual, at his lack of anger. "I've something really important to tell you—something that's

The Fig-Leaf Apron

By H. L. A.



ADAM never was satisfied with things as they were. As Eve used to say, he was always cluttering up the Garden and making life more complicated with one invention or another. First he made himself a God (who was remarkably like Eve and himself) and then planned a nice comfortable Paradise where he could go and play when he was tired of playing in the Garden. A few centuries later, when it was winter and somewhat cool, he took a needle and thread (which Eve had made her very own self from a thorn and something peculiar out of the cat), and sewed a few fig leaves together into an apron to sort of keep the wind from whistling around the corners.

Since the fig leaves were thin and not too concealing, no one could reasonably object to that; but, as Adam remarked, he had rather more corners than one might expect. One of the children who slept with the sheep gave him a brilliant idea—rather unfortunately for the sheep. (Adam, as an intellectual, never could abide the stupid creatures anyway.)

When Adam was quite warm, he had time to think of more important things than sheepskin coats. Being something of an idealist, he invented a Something which he called Modesty as a more fitting reason for clothes than inclement weather; and another Something called Morality as a more fitting outgrowth from them than mere comfort. Eve never could understand this last, but she enjoyed playing at it because it gave her a chance to gossip about her neighbors who hadn't the benefit of Adam's ingenuity. Adam told Eve and the children that his God had decreed that it was wrong to take off the new clothes except in private or for certain reasons which he told Eve (who was rather amused) but which he neglected to tell the children.

When Adam wrote it down afterwards, he represented Modesty as coming first, and creating the demand for clothes, because that was more fitting; and blamed Morality, which he later found rather uncomfortable, on a serpent and a certain fruit, because that was more poetic. He was certain that, because of his prerogative as first man, he would be well out of the way before these simple little fairy tales of his would be disbelieved.

The original fig-leaf apron thus came to be responsible for a great deal more than merely keeping the wind from blowing around corners. The children began to accept the blush, which had before then been uncontrollable and hadn't meant much of anything, as an indication that someone's clothes had unexpectedly parted in embarrassing places. The snicker appeared as the proper recognition of any allusion to that amusing something which Adam had told Eve but had forgotten to tell the children.

Even Adam, who was inordinately proud of his invented God and Morality, if he could have seen the later results of his fig-leaf apron, might have regretted its invention. The blush evolved into a promise of that virginity of which any man, who could cause enough of them to be interesting, might partake—with benefit of clergy. The snicker developed into that prudery which has clothed statues, and into that pruriency which has sent "Ex-Mistress" soaring on library circulation records.

Adam's fig-leaf apron has left its mark upon even the present generation, whose claim to purity rests solely upon its frankness. It is true that it talks freely of sexual inversion in its drawing-rooms, but it still snickers at sub-Rabelaisian humor at its clubs. The heritage of the fig-leaf apron must be accepted.

BOOKS

Bernard Shaw, the semi-official press agent for the Soviet, is now revealed as a correspondent. The letters that passed between Ellen Terry and him have just been published. The letters are both amusing and informative. Now that Shaw has been canonized it is safe to consider him as a classic, and to study his personal writings as source material.

Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, is publishing a book on his famous actress mother. He is expected to attack the Shaw-Terry letters—in spite of the fact that he is supposed to have approved their publication. It is well known that Craig, himself an eminent figure in the theatrical world, extremely dislikes Shaw.

The long awaited biography of Shaw by the late Frank Harris is to be published early in November by Simon and Schuster. Our ear-to-the-ground agent reports that the Shavian myth is ridden over roughshod by swashbuckler Harris. It was Harris who, as editor of the *Saturday Review* gave Shaw one of his first big chances.

Harris himself is to be the subject of at least two biographies, with more in the offing. The best work on him, however,—his autobiography—is banned in most countries. There is an excellent account of his cowboy days written by himself in the Boni paper covered series.

About a year ago Somerset Maugham wrote *Cakes and Ale*, and started a cycle of novelized versions of authors' private lives. This was followed by *Gin and Bitters*, by A. Riposte. Recently Maxwell Bodenheim wrote *Duke Herring*, which supposedly was about Ben Hecht. It was an answer to Hecht's *Count Bruga*, which was about Bodenheim. The latest addition (and we pray the last) is *Half a Loaf*, by Grace Hagger Lewis, former wife of Sinclair Lewis. It spins a tale concerning the life of a struggling writer who is content with his family until his novels are rewarded with fame and money. Familiar, what?

In *The Way of Eben*, and in the Storisende Edition of his works, James Branch Cabell announced that he was finished with writing. Since those statements were made a collection of essays has appeared. Now Robert McBride announces that he will publish an entirely new work by Cabell early in February. It is to be of the type of *Beyond Life*. Let the congregation kneel and pray that it will be that *Townsend of Litchfield* which Cabell said he was afraid to write.

The cleverest of the recent books is Giovanni Papini's *Gog*. After having written biographies of Christ and St. Augustine, this Italian writer has turned to more secular matters. *Gog* is composed of short essays supposedly written by a slightly insane millionaire. He puts into practice some of man's everyday ideals: such as swimming in gold, collecting giants, and maintaining a factory of poetry.

Although the field of Shakespearean criticism is said to be overworked, Leslie Hotson has for the second time dug up new evidence. By remarkable scholastic investigation he has definitely established the identity of Justice Shallow and Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the date of *The Merry Wives* and has disrupted the Lucy theory. The work is fully documented. A concise setting forth of his findings is given by Hotson in the current *Atlantic Monthly*.

From a near-by Virginia farm comes *A Cartoonist's Philosophy* by Percy Crosby. Crosby is the creator of that premier of cartoon strips,

Skippy. Eight publishers are said to have considered this work too volatile to publish so Crosby printed it himself. It is his motto that America will brew war or beer. Of course the book is illustrated by Crosby.

Several amusing collections of drawings have recently appeared. Among these are: *Pretty Pictures, So You're Going to Buy a Book, and Rejections*. All are uproariously funny and, oddly enough, all are slightly risqué. To this group there is soon to be added a new volume of Peter Arno's drawings entitled *The Circus*.

The month's prize for the worst title goes to the book called *Squads Write!* It is a collection of articles which appeared in *The Stars and Stripes*, the doughboys' newspaper during the war.

Many years ago Joel Spingarn's *Creative Criticism* aroused this country to a literary war. It is now republished along with additional essays. In these essays Spingarn argues that the original work was misinterpreted. *Creative Criticism*, although no longer a center of controversy, is one of the most vital of modern critical works.

The Modern Library has added a new series to their already valuable set of small books. The new collection is to consist of books too large to appear in the regular series and is to be published in a larger size. The first to be printed are: Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

Several of the better fiction writers have lately written interesting works. Somerset Maugham has published *First Person Singular*, a collection of short stories; Sigrid Unset has presented *The Wild Orchid*; Willa Cather has written *Shadows on the Rock*; and William Faulkner has given us *These Thirteen*, another book of short stories.

The revelation of political scandal still goes on. Seemingly *Mirrors of 1932*, and the *Washington Merry-Go-Round* were not enough. Now appears, *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags*. In this class should also go *The Private Life of Greta Garbo*, and *Hollywood Undressed* by Silvia.

Havelock Ellis is still turning out fresh and interesting essays. Besides writing the introduction to *Nudism in Modern Life*, he has collected *More Essays of Love and Virtue*. In this book he reminisces a bit and recalls some of the ideas which were once considered revolting but are now thought of as conservative. He praises the work of Malinowski as balancing the view of Briffault and Westermarck.

JONATHAN SCRIVENER.

(Continued from page 1.)

the leadership of Nathaniel Weyl, of Columbia, presented the petitions to the members of Congress and explained the views of the students the delegation represented. Small groups visited their Congressmen and had personal interviews. The delegation called upon the President's Secretary, and presented him with a copy of the petition for Mr. Hoover.

The activities of this delegation resulted in a great deal of favorable publicity in some of the country's leading newspapers. What effect it will have in getting Congress to remove the cause of compulsory military training in colleges remains to be seen when Congress reconvenes.

The American student is bound to learn the power and influence of organized effort. We are beginning to see the fruits of their first efforts. Statistics indicate that the number of institutions with military training obligatory are no longer on the increase. Here and there the compulsory feature has been abolished. But to get at the source of the evil requires a fight upon a national scale. The Intercollegiate Student Council has shown the way. When out of chaos, unity arises, student rights and liberties will be respected.

The Gray Dress and Bonnet

(Continued from page 3.)

be on that morning. She hated these people, all but Jane. Even Roger was stupid. She wished that the dress had been red, as red as the stained glass in the back window. Or red and black and white spots. She was being childish. What did it matter what they thought? That was the most provoking thing of all—it did matter. A minister's wife must always think of what the congregation approved or disapproved. The "Work" depended upon it. One should be monochromatic, and act the good door mat, and bake edible pies for the markets.

Roger was pronouncing the benediction. She loved him when he did that. And now it was time to speak to Deacon Edwards. It was very trying to make him hear.

"Good morning, Deacon. Isn't this a glorious Sunday morning?"

The Deacon's mouth became an unbending line. Vanity was one of the Deadly Sins and most to be deplored in a minister's wife. He'd do his bit toward teaching her something. He turned away and began walking toward the door.

Laurel looked about quickly. They must have seen it. Even the rose lining could not disguise the paleness of her face. Beast! Beast! Beast! And he was a Deacon. If she could only strike him. But instead she must smile at him as though he had paid her a pretty compliment. There he was talking to Roger. It was no use for her to mention the matter to her husband. Her feelings were absolutely subordinate to the well-being of the Congregation. She always thought of it with a capital C.

She must talk to the others, appear serene and confident. But there was a coldness—or so it seemed to Laurel—even in the demands they made of her today.

Roger was full of the praise he had received about his sermon.

"Did you notice my point about the attitude we take toward others? I worked hard on that, but I felt rewarded for all the labor when Deacon Edwards mentioned it. Glad he can hear me as well as he does. You remember that part of the sermon, don't you, Laurel?"

"Yes, oh yes. It was a fine sermon, Roger. I'm glad they like you so well. The regard of the Congregation means a lot, doesn't it?"

"Means everything. If gold rusts, don't you know?"

Laurel wrote letters that afternoon. She would like to have gone walking in the new outfit. But imagine a preacher's wife parading on the Sabbath. Unspeakable! At home there would have been an afternoon stroll. The girls would exclaim over the cut of her gown, and her mother would love the rose lining. But here she was another person, the minister's wife, to be exact, with no earthly emotions.

She made a great matter of deciding what to do. She'd wear the grey again and let them like it or not. She must think of Roger and his influence, must wear the black. If it would just rain, then she would have to wear the black. That would be an excuse to give herself.

As church time approached she did what she had known all along she would do. Slowly she unfastened the grey frock and hung it away. She looked at it long, and then kissed it. Sweet! And the bonnet, too.

"Back in the box you go until Laurel can disregard the Congregation."

However, she defied the sobriety of the black with a lace collar and gold pin.

The lights of the church invited. It was good to be walking down this street with Roger, even if one were mummified by prejudices. She felt sorry for the Congregation, and for Deacon Edwards.

When the choir marched in the audience saw that the minister's wife had come to her senses enough to wear black to the services. Well, she was young. She'd learn. Deacon Edwards stared again. Laurel's lace collar and gold pin burned her neck, but she smiled.

After the service Deacon Edwards carefully collected his cane, gloves, hat, and ear-trumpet. Why didn't she come down? He'd let her know a thing or two—without saying much either. If she didn't come soon—here she was.

"Good evening, Deacon. We have had a good day, have we not?"

"Good evenin', Miz Keniman. I really know you tonight. Yes, yes, fine sermons. Made some good points."

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The Monthly Literary Review

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A Talk with Bess

(Continued from page 6.)

she said, "but it has its point. It's at times like this when you— It's having somebody, Ken; somebody to—to—" It wasn't like her to feel for words. "I don't want to get sentimental, but—"

"Well, you are sentimental." He made his voice gruffly bantering to hide his annoyance. He released her hand and walked over to the table to mix some drinks. "Here, take this and come out of it. And why don't you finish 'Washington Merry-Go-Round'?" That ought to help.

"I had lunch with a girl today who knows who wrote it," said Bess. She picked up the book and began turning the pages.

"That so? Well, see you later. I'm going outside for a minute." He paused at the table and picked up a filled glass to take with him.

It had grown darker in the garden. He placed the drink on the wicker table and seated himself in the canvas chair. The clouds were thicker than they had been before. The single star was visible still, but it was hazy now, and it no longer twinkled. A cloud came over it, but it peeped out again. Then a bigger cloud came and it was lost in blackness. Kenneth's lips twisted as if in pain. It was so dark that you couldn't see. He reached gropingly for the glass and set it down again when he had finished. Then he leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. The moment before a drink took effect was often rather dreadful.

Howard Armstrong, Jr. is the illustrator of Miss Russell's story. Mr. Armstrong is a Senior in the School of Architecture, a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Gate and Key, and a Scarab pledge.

The excellent illustration of Miss Neyman's story is from the pen of Miss Garrett. She claims to be a native Washingtonian and is a Junior in the Division of Fine Arts.

CLEARING THE DESK

With this offering of student literary efforts we present to you the *Monthly Literary Review*. The change in name was not by choice but by necessity of conforming to postal regulations. Sad as it is to see the name, *Colonial Review*, pass into history, we feel that the new title is particularly appropriate to the aims of the publication; it is our sincerest hope that the *Review* may continue to serve you as well as it has in the past and live to become an honored institution in the University.

The policy of the magazine has not changed. It is still, and will continue to be, the medium thru which all the students of George Washington may find expression to their creative ability.

There is probably no extra-curricular activity on the campus which to such large measure belongs so completely to every member of the student body. This is your magazine and by your efforts will it rise or fall.

The weekly *Hatchet*, the *Cherry Tree*, the Glee Club, the Troubadours, the football team, are of necessity maintained by their respective memberships. After the participants in these various activities have been chosen from the student body, they are trained to fill certain specific positions in the organization. This being accomplished, the rest of us may aid only by our approbation and suggestion.

The editorial staff of the *Review*, however, is exactly what the name implies—a staff of editors. Upon the entire student body lies the task of filling its eight pages with the material you wish to read and the pictures you wish to see. Upon your contributions depends the life and the quality of the publication. It is our privilege merely to arrange and present to you your work in the best manner in which we are able.

To Professor Crandall and his Art School goes much credit for making this issue possible. Handed the copy at an atrociously late hour, they succeeded in turning out illustrations, the high quality of which you may judge for yourselves.

Wandering far from her native Chicago, Miss Dubin has chosen Russia as the background for her charming narrative of love among the pharmacists. Miss Dubin came to G. W. this year from Corke school, where she was active in literary work.

Don't look for Anthony d'Este's name among the registrar's files—you won't find it. In spite of the fact that the author of "Old-Man Molly" prefers to use a pen name, we'll whisper to you that he has this year returned to our school after spending a year at Nanking University, and that a great part of his boyhood was spent along the Mississippi of which he writes.

Miss Neyman comes to G. W. seeking new laurels—and the "Grey Dress" is a good start. As a student at Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., she won a short story prize offered by the *Grail*, the student publication, and one offered by Chi Delta Phi, national literary sorority—of which organization she is now a member.

In "A Talk With Bess" we have another first story. Miss Russell enrolled here this fall for the first time. She has served her apprenticeship as a free lance writer and gives us in this issue a story of a world familiar to her—the newspaper office.

Old readers are familiar with the poems of Mr. Saunders. A native Virginian, he commutes daily—to such advantage that he is now a Senior in Columbian College and an English major.

Robert Shostek, who has the front page, is also a former contributor. Mr. Shostek has been closely associated with student movements, was last year secretary of the Liberal Club, and knows well that of which he writes.

THE EDITOR.